

# NEW ENGLISH POEMS

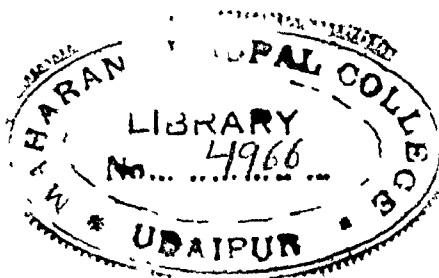
NEW ENGLISH POEMS

# NEW ENGLISH POEMS

*A MISCELLANY OF CONTEMPORARY VERSE  
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED*

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The Collection Made  
By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE



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## PREFACE

THE intention of this miscellany is to offer a collection of new poems which may be considered as representative of the art of English poetry to-day. In poetry, as in the other arts, there are to-day several very different tendencies and doctrines at work ; and all these have their faithful devotees. But it was thought that there must be many readers who, like the Editor of this collection, are interested less in the doctrines and tendencies of poetry than in poetry itself, and are ready to allow any poetical creed whatever, so long as it produces poetry. For these latitudinarians, it seemed, an anthology might well be made, which would imply the manifesto of no particular school, insinuate no peculiar dogma, but merely represent, as well as it could, the present existence of English poetry. There would be an obvious advantage, if such an anthology should consist of new poems, specimens hitherto unpublished of their authors' most recent work ; it would thereby give its readers a lively sense of contemporary activity in poetry.

There is no novelty in this. Many precedents might be found for it in the history of English anthologies. But, curiously enough, though the anthologising spirit has seldom been so industrious as it is to-day, this seems to be the first attempt to do for the present age something like what Tottel and Dodsley did for theirs : though Dodsley's poems were not all new, and Tottel's were only new as printed matter. Hitherto, in this age, miscellanies of new poetry have been limited to certain

groups, or have been more or less tendentious ; and collections to which a larger intention might be ascribed have been taken from work already published.

Such, at any rate, was the purpose of this collection. It is to be expected that its pretensions will be scrutinised with severity, perhaps with hostility. The absence of certain names will seem to many critics to vitiate the professions that have just been made : what those names are will depend on the critics. This line of criticism is, of course, unanswerable. The Editor can only plead his good faith, and urge, by way of extenuation, that accidents and disappointments can scarcely be avoided in a work of this kind. Several poets, it was found, to the Editor's keen regret, had nothing to contribute ; one or two were unwilling to do so ; with a few, no communication could be established.

A much more radical line of criticism is possible ; but here critics are in no better position than the Editor. Who, indeed, can say what is truly representative of this present age ? No one who is alive in it. Of no age can the real nature ever be known by those who belong to it ; that can only be known when the age is over, and it can be perceived what it was making for. It is for this reason, too, that the Editor refrains from discussing what are the characteristics which mark the poetry here collected as the product of the time. Such characteristics are, we may be sure, indelibly marked, and will some day be legible enough ; but we may be equally sure that any deciphering *we* can do will be the purest guess-work. How easy it is to see the characteristic mark in Augustan, in Restoration, in Elizabethan poetry ! Yes ; but we

## PREFACE

know what those ages were, because we know what issued from them ; and when we can understand the spirit of an age, it is simple work to read the sign of it in its literature. But what the spirit of this age may be, only the future will know, when that which this age exists to bring about has come into existence, and is understood. Meanwhile, all we can be certain of is, that the spirit of our age has set its seal deep in the poetry over which it imperceptibly presides, in a manner of which its authors are no more aware than their contemporary readers can be. Let Milton's Satan be our warning here. When Milton created his figure of Evil, could either he or his readers perceive that he was creating the very figure of Puritanism—that the Cause to which he had given the best years of his life had appeared in his poem as the Devil ?

To the question, then, Wherein lies the *modernity* of modern poetry ? the only answer which would have any importance is not to us available ; and the only answer we can give is as unimportant as the word *modernity* is unpleasant. For no doubt there are some superficial qualities that could be instantly seized on as belonging obviously to the time. But to attend to these is to attend to the most insignificant and corruptible part of poetry. A few years will put them out of date ; that which may tickle those contemporaries who are merely on the look-out for *the latest thing* in poetry, very soon becomes a film of mannerism which appreciation impatiently brushes away.

This may seem a somewhat paradoxical, and even ungrateful, opinion for an editor of a modern anthology to

## PREFACE

hold. But it is nothing of the kind : it is mere common sense. No poetry can ever mean to any generation quite what its own poetry can mean : it is in that belief that the Editor undertook the collection of this anthology. But contemporary poetry can only have this peculiar value if it is read *as poetry*—and not by any means as the latest thing in poetry. For when it is read simply as poetry—with the same standards and for the same effects as any other poetry may be read—then (and only then) its singular value appears. For then, without our being distinctly conscious of any such thing (and all the more potently for that), we receive the spirit of the age—of the age which has made us and which we are making—transfigured, as poetry transfigures everything, *sub specie aeternitatis* : this temporary reality in which we live—this present state of our material, mental, and sentimental affairs—becomes, without losing its nature, the expression of that pure reality which is, for poetry, always present in man's experience.

L. A.

September 3rd, 1931.



*Note.*—All the poems in this collection are here printed for the first time, with the exception of one or two that have been printed privately, and also of Sir Henry Newbolt's poem (which was published three years ago in an American magazine) and the first of Mr. Herbert Read's *Similitudes* (which appeared this year in a quarterly published in Paris).

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L. AARONSON



THE BLISS

*To S. D.*

I took down Herbert's book to read  
And soon his herbal odours clung.  
I took down Shelley's then to feed  
On air that smelt of rain still young.  
Heady with all this feast I lay  
Against the window closing in the day.

The curtains were alive with light.  
The evening wind was lively there.  
I watched the evening turn to night  
And stars divide the evening air.  
I lay as still as surface coal  
Ready for burning by the kindled soul.

I had not burned with mental bliss  
For many a day. The fear of dark,  
The moon-fear of mysteries,  
In fire-expectancy and spark  
Vanished away. The love I'd found  
With mental marvel blazed and rose from ground.

Then I was light and lightning-play.  
My fear of faith that tries too much  
For faith became the coming day.  
From upper ether I could touch  
The dawn in Palestine begun,  
And Time went wheeling swiftly round the sun.

THE BAPTISM

Passionate past itself,  
Seeking at root for script and rod,  
My individual spirit like a God  
Finds simultaneous night and day.

The venture was despair's.  
The journey down was worm-slow.  
The dead were life there, and deader  
there could grow ;  
And Time flowed back all to unsay.

Despair made light of dark.  
My limbs still intricate with sun  
Kicked like a diver's through the coil  
and won  
At last to their Antipodes.

Shadow and substance merged !  
Mind felt, and the mad limbs thought.  
And lo ! the utter interchange had caught  
Even the dead for power to please.

The pleasure was release  
To rocket me beyond the press.  
Up through the darkness went I, and  
could guess  
Man's first world-passage in that flight.

[L. AARONSON

Air could substantiate  
My claim to live its anywhere.  
I hung upon its lips, and thence could  
    dare  
To take earth, having all in sight.

## SIESTA

Darken the room and fill the urns with flowers.  
Filter stray light through curtains gently stirred.  
Sweeten the white smooth linen and the floor  
With water and with herbs. Let nought be heard  
But sea, cicada, and far wings that hover.  
Then heap your clothes neatly behind the door  
And stretch your limbs upon the fresh crisp cover.  
Sleep not a while but listen half-away  
To this tired sleepy world sinking to sleep.  
Sinking to dreams of coolness as if night  
Were star-awakened in the midst of day.  
And dream your morning pleasures not too deep,  
Drifting with easy motion on their tide,  
On disks of sunlight and the swans of sails,  
Parasols, flags, churned water, and the side  
Of each lithe swimming kerchiefed coffee girl,  
The villa-peppered hillside brushed with light,  
And the far backs of mountains soft with pearl.  
Mingle their spice and circumstance in your brain  
Till all you dreamed you saw returns again  
Transmuted in that alchemy of sleep  
Already close upon you. Then fill your eyes  
With all imaginable indolence,  
Drawn from the luxury of drawn-out limbs,  
And close your lids upon it, till there rise  
Wonder which wonders not, thought's deepest sense,  
The cool and mazy courts of those first dreams  
Within which Time is shadow to the hours.

*Rapallo.*

## MIDNIGHT

The lights that stood about me hiss and fade.  
Now merged within my shadow what am I  
But false continuum with the natural dark,  
False since my thoughts with busy crisscross flames  
In the old cavernous brain pursue their trade  
Of rumour and of echo : lighting-up names  
That burn me with remote reflected gleams,  
Revealing here the silver quickening roots  
That promise Eden's sharp and shaping fruits ;  
And there the House of Abram in the sky,  
Becalmed on Ararat, and its windows wide.  
My thoughts are with the morning of my dreams  
Though these are gone to night for their dark signs  
And read the dark like cats . . . I am tried  
Too much, too much by my own prophecies,  
And sleep is like the memory I shall have  
When day has pulled me up its rough inclines.  
I live before my life ; and if I died  
One self would still be busy at the grave  
Dreaming of death and marring death's good ease  
By mixing it with morning and the Spring.  
The dark that warms my body like a wing  
Is a bird's brooding to my chafing mind.  
Mind, sink to darkness too. Be lost there,  
Like blindness that has made the sun its lair  
And burrowed to its secret well of night,  
And there drink deep, and sleep. There too is light.

MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON

MARTINMAS

White shoulders of Winter, Ben Ledi  
Is crowned with first snow.  
The gold of the birches is scattered,  
The thick skies lean low ;  
And faint in grey waters there glimmers  
A frail afterglow.

Re-dreaming the snows of the mountains,  
Chill waters gleam white.  
The frost rims the flood-rushing fountains,  
That ice in a night ;  
Still and ghostly the grass on the uplands,  
The day-fall's in flight.

Pale, withered the long grasses tremble  
O'er the water-fowl's nest ;  
In the high clefts the wild gales assemble  
To sweep, nor arrest.  
The frozen high head of Ben Lomond  
Glowed rose in the west.

Dark loom the moorlands behind us,  
There, white shines the Forth.  
The flight of the summer's behind us,  
The wind's set to north.  
The brackens turn brown that were golden  
With autumn gone forth.

[MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON

But the years must go over more serenely  
Than autumns may know,  
Change more than the seasons change yearly,  
To steal from us that glow  
Where our hearts, like the low, level waters  
Stilled a moment, may know  
White shoulders of Winter, Ben Ledi  
Is white with first snow.



JUNE IN ESSEX

A poplar in a field with wind-struck leaves,  
Now dark, now bright ;  
Beyond, in the bright sun, the green hay heaves,  
Falls, shadows silver, now sways dark, now light.

Along the hedge, dove-purple flowers the grass,  
Sorrels are red.  
The breezes in the beech-crests, as they pass,  
Rustle the light leaves lifting, overhead.

Down by the river, there, the willow line  
Straight, grey and tall ;  
As the airs change, they glimmer and they shine :  
On the far space of fields cloud-shadows fall.

White clover fields are blossoming and their scent  
Honeys the road ;  
Above, grey sky with white and rain and sun are blent.  
Red campions on the banks where late the chervil  
showed.

This is green Essex in the month of June,  
And I have seen  
And wanted nothing more, all the long afternoon,  
Than one tall poplar straight over a world of green.

[MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON

Here orchids grow and over there, the hay  
Sways in the flight  
Of that same wind that softly, all the day,  
Breathes on the poplar-leaves and turns them dark,  
now bright.

[MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON

“UP ABOVE THE TREE-TOPS THERE  
IS PEACE”

High upon the hillsides is San Zeno di Montagna,  
San Zeno di Montagna planted high among the hills.  
Over it rises the great forehead of Monte Baldo,  
Beneath it the Lake of Garda, far below ;  
And its white church tower looks across to range on  
range of mountains,  
Over golden chestnut leaves October has made glow.

There is a chill in the high air and the vines are turned  
golden,  
Every leaf on the dogwood bushes is scarlet or flame ;  
The mist is dishevelled on the great profile of Monte  
Baldo  
And moves in grey battalions across the Lombard Plain ;  
Garda and Caprino are hidden in waves of rain.

The avenue of chestnut-trees to the Albergo of San  
Zeno  
Is a rustle of yellow leaves and the great bell rings four ;  
Over the white low clouds rise fold on fold of mountains,  
And, far below, the silent lake has a phantom-like shore,  
Wreathed in fantastic mists : and we, who looked before  
Up at these coasts, stand now upon them and look down.

Like a great pale flower the upland twilight opens,  
Petal by petal, with a cold sweet scent :

[MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON

In the grass at our feet is the purple of mountain scabious,  
There, by the stoney course where a wild stream went.  
The bramble-leaves darken with winter, their summer  
is spent.

Like a young peasant-girl with innocent eyes, guarding  
her flocks,  
Half-singing beside her sheep, upon high hills,  
Over steep rough-grassed slopes that are rent with ribs  
of rock,  
That the exquisite air of the mountains inspires and  
chills,  
San Zeno di Montagna stands fair among the hills.

High upon the hill-side, at San Zeno di Montagna,  
There is a tall church with a deep bell and golden  
chestnut-trees  
Grow in an avenue that runs to the sight of numberless  
mountains,  
Over a phantom lake and smoked with clouds ; and all  
one sees  
Are hill crests that seem to range forever and still gold  
leaves.

At San Zeno di Montagna is a marvellous peace,  
High above the valleys, as a seagull might fly ;  
The air is scented and chill with the fine calm of twilight,  
And the face of the earth looks up bare to the face of  
the sky ;

[MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON

Deep as a plummet below is the Lake of Garda,  
And, above us, the shadowed purple front of Monte  
Baldo,  
Over the white spire of San Zeno, is steep in the sky.

# RICHARD ALDINGTON

[RICHARD ALDINGTON

IN MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN

I had half-forgotten among the soft blue waters  
And the gay-fruited arbutus of the hill  
Where never the nightingales are silent,  
And the sunny hours are sweet with alyssum and dew ;

I had half-forgotten as the stars glide westward  
Year after year above cypress and pine,  
In the strivings and in the triumphs of manhood,  
The world's voice, and the touch of beloved hands ;

But I have not forgotten, never quite forgotten  
All you who lie there so lonely, and never stir  
When the hired bugles call unheeded to you  
Whom the sun shall never warm nor the night chill.

Do you remember—but why should you remember ?  
Have you not given all you had to forget ?  
Oh, blessed, blessed be death ! They can no more vex  
you,  
You for whom memory and forgetfulness are one.

*June, 1931.*

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON



LAKE AND CRAG

In a black mountain-cup  
The still lake lies ;  
While over it, sheer stone,  
Black, tragic and alone,  
Into the ever-distant skies  
The crag towers up.

It is a place of solitary grass,  
Harsh rocks that heap  
Their ruin into forms  
Of broken altars and old Gods overthrown ;  
The screams  
Of the grey hawk—the cries  
Of wounded winds—the moan of weary storms—  
The bleat of sheep  
Lost where what misty shepherds pass—  
The sad long rush of streams,  
White water shooting down the steep—  
These are the only sounds that break  
The silence of the lake :  
It is a place of lonely dreams  
And lonelier peace,

It is a cup of sacrifice,  
A lachrimal of ancient tears ;  
It is profoundest penitence,  
A soul forever on its knees ;

It is the soul that has foregone  
All joy and loveliness of sense,  
All griefs  
Save one alone—  
All hopes, all fears,  
All passions, all beliefs,  
Save one :

To be so shut and hidden away  
Behind its world-renouncing walls,  
That all it knows of day  
Shall be the sacerdotal suns,  
Of night  
The moon's face, like a nun's  
Coifed in light.

So hidden that no echo falls  
From any world outside ;  
So empty of pride,  
Void of ambition, destitute of gain,  
So patient in its pain,  
That all the Infinite  
Shall suddenly be born in it ;  
And God, as in an inn  
By time's wayside,  
Lodge therein.

And over it,  
Proud, solitary, mighty and aloof,  
The crag towers up—lifting itself

By treacherous ledge and perilous shelf,  
Sharp scree and precipice,  
By violence above its own abyss.

It, too,  
Would win the Infinite ;  
And see—self-hurled  
Above itself—the reach of all the world  
Below it, and above  
Light in the unapproachable blue.

It is the will that puts all things to proof,  
Strength built on self-inflicted pain,  
And triumph torn from despair's jaws ;  
It is denial of all laws  
Save what its nature does ordain ;  
It braves the loneliness where griefs and fears,  
Hopes and desires have fallen away ; behold,  
Shingle and boulder rolled  
To the lake's edge, stone cataracts of tears !

It would exalt itself, and in its exaltation  
Lift up the earth. The passive fields, the  
streams,  
Plains, and the valleys where they lie  
Sweet in their green security,  
Forests that love the shade,  
The unambitious hill, the placid slope—

[J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

All these are made  
The unconscious sharers of its dreams,  
Co-partners in its hope.  
It would affirm for them the pride that they  
    deny,  
Know the whole truth they do not dare to  
    know ;  
While they shall sweeten and shall justify  
Its spirit's isolation.

And though  
Many a time the mists drive over  
Its lonely head and cover  
Its soul with cold bewilderment,  
There come  
Wonderful moments when the sun  
Crowns the scarred forehead of its stone  
With light ; and when the firmament,  
Day and the blue laughter of heaven,  
Night and her moons and stars, are given  
To be for it  
Beauty and joy and peace—an infinite  
Possession and eternal home.

The crag proud on its precipices,  
The lake humble in mute abysses—  
This  
Is the last sharp antithesis  
Of the soul's highest adventure and sublimest  
    quest :  
Inward—until, all things forgot,

And self itself remembered not,  
All being held in an extremest rest,  
The soul, like a still lake, shall lie  
And in the deeps thereof  
Mirror eternity;  
Outward—until the senses hold  
All riches, and the spirit enfold  
The world and all therein in one wide reach  
of love,  
And, throned on knowledge and sustained in  
might,  
Towers  
In splendour and in plenitude of light,  
A king among the congregated powers,  
The crowned triumphant princes of the sky.

And both sky-conquerors !  
The soul that kneels, the soul that soars—  
Seekers of heaven, each by his chosen road.  
For, from the first,  
Man is a holy hunger, a divine thirst,  
For that which is  
The Certainty of certainties ;  
And whether he go in or out,  
Sole in his going or thronged about,  
Flee or embrace the world and the world's  
doubt,  
Predestined to discover God.

[J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

FROM THE PROMONTORY

A voice cries  
Over the last rims of the sea ;  
A voice cries with the morning ! The clouds blow  
Their golden trumpets splendidly ;  
Roses of orient passion strew  
The broadening avenue  
Where the young feet of the pure day shall go.

A voice cries  
Far away, beyond the bourne  
Where the last scalloped blue  
Of waves edges the greying skies—  
A voice cries from the red lips  
And the white teeth of Morn.

Distance is in that cry, and ships  
Pursuing what unknown  
Vision across the fabulous seas !  
And islands whose names alone  
—Ambrim and Arag, Samoa, Celebes—  
Spell with adventure's alphabet  
Wonder and perfume and all time's regret,  
And desolation and most holy peace.

A voice cries from the morning and the sea ;  
A voice cries, and my soul in me

[J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

Reaches out hands  
Of longing unspeakable to the new light.

O weariness of heart ! O weary lands  
Crossed by so many roads, worn by so many feet !  
Seeking their little Gods through the old night !  
O weariness of heart ! I would be free  
To seek my God in some eternity  
Where no road ever came, no foot drew nigh,  
And no man ever yet  
Brought gifts or burned the sweet  
Incense of rapt, forlorn austerity.

O Superessential Loveliness,  
Ungarmented of time, unlimbed of space !  
O terrible Lover whose disastrous kiss  
Sears with no lips ! O naked Innocence  
Wearing as a mantle the world's wide events,  
And the world's joys and sorrows as a moving face !

I would strip off the accidents of man—  
Even thy thinnest robe, the white worn body of Christ ;  
Thy multitudinous Brahm-investiture ;  
Thine ocean-dress wherein thou art Mananan,  
Thy beasts and trees wherein thou art loved as Pan !  
Rock and earth's solid heart shall not endure  
My ravage and lust of worship, nor the swift  
Innumerable atom-horde, nor the hosts of stars !  
I come, my Everlasting, my unpriced  
Ultimate Treasure of seeing ! and I will lift

[J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

The last curtain before thee, break the last bars  
Of my mortality, and see thee pure,  
Unfettered, perfect ! and, consumed by strong  
Utter surrenders, intolerable joys,  
Die in that glory wherein I lift my voice  
High over the earth in one last triumph of song !



MARTIN ARMSTRONG

FOOLS' COUNSEL

O never give your heart,  
Or else, if give you must,  
Keep back the larger part,  
Nor rashly trust  
Your sweet security  
Even to Love's custody.

So, though you'll never taste  
The earthly heavens and hells  
Of prodigal fools that waste,  
Blind to all else,  
Their substance at the call  
To give unstinted all ;

Yet snug and well at ease  
You'll live your life, kept safe  
From arctic moons that freeze  
And tropic chafe,  
Walled in your temperate cell,  
Ah, so securely well.

## DANGEROUS LIVING

We have left the shallows and the sun-gilded sands  
That drink the timorous wave,  
And the tepid pools where the many-fingered hands  
Of seaweed beckon, and the shells that pave  
Those pools with a twilight floor :  
We have left the rocks that offer a sunny seat  
Or a shadowy seat or a dry and sheltered ledge  
For clothes, and the cliffs that pour  
Fresh-water trickles from their turf-lipped edge  
To channel along warm sands and meet  
The brackish ooze of the shore.  
All these, the sunny sloth, the margins warm,  
The easy safeties, we have left behind :  
We have given ourselves to the sea, for the sea is kind  
To the strong and faithful swimmer. Sea moulds a form  
Of water, a cradle perfectly fitted, to bear  
The swimmer through tide and air ;  
Builds a bed, founded on fathomless deeps,  
For the strong and trusting limbs ; devoutly keeps  
Faith with the faithful, freely gives to the strong  
Strength. But if strength grow weak,  
If trust slacken, about the first small leak  
The waters gather, a dark and hurrying throng  
Of following waves that surge about the brink  
Of breath and sight and hearing ; till aghast  
The craven cries, like Peter : ‘ Lord, I sink,’  
And sinks indeed, by his own terrors drowned.  
But we who have left the safe and solid ground  
For these live, buoyant footways, we who have cast

[MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Behind us tepid pools and sheltering cliffs,  
Are stung to sharper living by the cleanness  
Of leaping winds and by the salt sea's keenness,  
Even as those light skiffs  
That ride the waters cumbered by no weight  
Of sheltering deck and riveted steel plate,  
But by sheer poise and skill of line made brave  
To climb the yawning wave.

LOVER'S SONG

Wise men lay up their gain  
In little parcels ; some  
In India ; some in Spain ;  
Some other, safe at home.

But all my treasure lies,  
To founder or to float  
Under the changing skies,  
In one small boat.

CLIFFORD BAX

CLIFFORD BAX

NOCTURNE

After the grim war-years that rent her life in two,  
Our friendship glowed afresh like rare wine long mislaid.  
    Something we found that I at least  
    Had not yet known,—the double charm  
Of being old friends and new, of being both sure and shy.

And now, with theatre-shapes flickering behind our  
    thoughts,  
There in her night-hushed home we talked of smoother  
    days.

    The phantom finger-tips of June  
    Touched the tall curtains ; and below,  
A chain of primrose lights fringed the deserted Park.

She must have known, I think, how hard it was to rise  
And say good-bye and mix in the common world once  
    more.

    Encountering after such dire wrack,  
    We were like spirits who, waked by death,  
Surprise each other afar in some translucent sphere ;

And while our subtle bond grew momentarily in strength,  
I stood amazed like one who sees a Polar dawn,—

    Watching the inner doors of life  
    Disclose a mystery and romance  
Not to be known by youth, not known or even divined.



[CLIFFORD BAX

## THE TOWN MAID

As home again I travelled regretfully through London,  
She entered. She was pretty, and pranked in all the  
fashion.

Who can doubt she likes it, her Babylonian bondage, . . .  
The noise, the never-ending streets,  
The pale and clever faces ?

Yet as our eyes encountered, I saw her go to milking  
Across the unmown meadows until her shoes were  
golden . . .

Was it her mother's mother who looked at me, or was it  
No faded ghost, and had I seen,  
Perhaps, her children's children ?

FULL MOON

A man that I know likes the bare tree best ;  
And many, a moon that's a silver shaving ;  
But I, whatsoever is all-expressed,—  
Full moon, high summer and cornfields waving.

Everyone praises the opening flower . . .  
I praise the woman grown wise and tender,  
And him who shows me a hard-won power  
Of hand or wit in prolific splendour.

JULIAN BELL

[JULIAN BELL

## DANCING IN THE STUDIO

With scraping drag, across the floor's wood plait,  
Move, to the rhythm's slurred insistentcies,  
The dancers' feet ; shoes fray'd nap velvet black.

The grey green heavy walls show bare and flat,  
Or with deep shadows sunk through surfaces  
Of the squared beams and columns lighted blank.

The bodies spiral turn of soft lines, that  
Hang down a sweeping fringe of shawl. Wide eyes  
Stare in the lamplight from the head thrown back :

On dry, grey, porous stone, sloped easels, gaze,  
On dusty flowers, where moving shadows lie,  
On yellow woody rinds of marrows dried.

Through all there sounds, on the blank skylight's glass,  
The rain's minutely pattering stir and sigh,  
And separate liquid ring of drops outside.

Splash'd petal roses, and the white flints' face,  
The garden's lines of dragged pinks awry,  
Show, where through open doors the light streams wide :

And, past the falling lines by lamplight shown,  
On down and weald, beech wood and hay, all night the  
rain streams down.

[JULIAN BELL

## THE WALLED GARDEN

The sun that westward slopes, noon's zenith past,  
Has from the wall a straight edged shadow cast ;  
Trowel-scraped rough concrete's brown, meal-coloured  
white

Deepens in tone outside the glaring light ;  
There the sunk border of mosaic around  
Divides the concrete from the soft black ground ;  
High in the sun the dense leaved elm trees tall  
Spring from the meadow, and surmount the wall.

Straight trunks, webbed in twist channeled bark,  
arise,  
And, through sharp angles, fork toward the skies ;  
Whose high, deep blue glows evenly between  
Leaves overlapping dark on golden green :  
Above, in the light, cloud-streaked wind, scarce sways  
The topmost spire of oval-dappled sprays.  
Between dense leaves blue-green and sunlit gold  
The curving lines of swallow flight unfold.

Beside the elms, brown gravelled paths descend  
To faced white flints that wall the garden's end ;  
Bordered by roses and small apple trees,  
And dust-blue lavender confused with bees ;  
Or deeper beds more intricate combine  
Colours of marigold and columbine :  
Valerians' soft red pyramids appear  
In broken cimes, on green detached and clear ;  
While flirting willow wren's more olive green  
Through the cool shade is momentarily seen.

In the still evening, at a towering height,  
A heron crosses with slow beating flight ;  
Dark when above, the coverts bluish grey  
Show pale as slate clouds of the darkening day ;  
Trailed legs and drawn-up beak the watcher sees  
Sharp lined, and hears the grating call with ease ;  
The bird's slow flight across the reddening sky  
Up to the elms recalls the wandering eye.

AN IMITATION OF RONSARD

*" Marie, levez-vous, vous estes paresseuse."*

Chloe, get up. What, still abed ?  
Aurora long since, blushing red,  
With flaming locks, and mist-veils grey,  
Has opened wide the cloudless day.  
Yet in our rumpled bed you lie,  
With arms, like rose-touched ivory,  
As if in welcome opened wide,  
And firm, round breasts your sheets half hide,  
That rise and fall to your soft breath,  
While beauty's self lies hid beneath.

Get up, get up. The day's begun.  
Through flower-red elms the Easter sun  
Has burst across the shade-blue hills,  
And warmed the rain-soaked daffodils.

See how the clouds race torn and white  
Across the blue air filled with light ;  
The orchards full of birds that call  
And sing. Come down and hear them all.  
Chloe, wake up ; That spring is here  
Which may not come another year.

AUBADE

The dying year now ends ;  
    One last black night  
Of tortured rain, before ascends  
From the dark hills the sun's first light.

Dead year a nightmare long,  
    Now left behind,  
Of tangled misery and wrong,  
And the self torments of my mind.

No more now shall I turn  
    My thoughts, my verse,  
Their twisted self-deccits to learn,  
To praise past truth, past truth to curse :

But, as this morning springs  
    With promises  
Of golden sallow, song-birds' wings,  
Blue woodland skies, and primroses,

So to us shall Time give,  
    To spend and take  
Unbroken, a new year to live,  
In a new morning to awake ;

A day a summer long,  
    Or April short,  
To hear the old remembered song  
Of wind and birds, in blossom caught.



When sunrise comes, ev'n now,  
Into my room,  
It dreams of you. Will Love allow  
More of yourself than thoughts to come?

Then I grey dawn might see  
In your grey eyes,  
Your hair's floss silk glitter for me  
Against spun gold of the sunrise.

Brilliance of sky and cloud,  
Red, silver blue,  
Ink purple, orange, gifts a proud  
Day humbly offers up to you.

Smooth and silk-textured sky,  
Soft cloud veils thin,  
Dresses for you, Chloe, to try  
On your more softly textured skin.

At dawn, with flaws and shifts,  
A low wind moves,  
Scatters dead leaves, dropt petals lifts,  
A breath less soft, fresh, sweet than love's.

The silks might flutter so  
Above your breast,  
Gently as the flower petals blów,  
Before you woke out of your rest.

Then we should rise to hear  
The clamourous birds  
Call through the garden far and near  
With clearer notes than any words.

As hunting horns are blown,  
For morning's chase,  
These messengers tell us our own  
The day that waits to see your face.

Oh softly should we rise,  
And gaily go—  
If I hoped right, if you were wise—  
To see your mirror flowers grow,

A night-wet tangled mass  
White, yellow, blue,  
Dew rainbows glitter on the grass  
Around your softly-stepping shoe.

When out of doors we're gone  
All this we'll see  
Beneath wood-roofs green-lit by sun,  
But earliest thoughts best pleased me,

When the quiet breaking day  
Dull redly glowed,  
When sleeping in my arms you lay,  
And your white shoulder dawn first showed.

LAURENCE BINYON

ANGKOR  
(The Bayon)

I

Out of the Forest into a terrible splendour  
Of noon, the pinnacles of the temple-portals,  
Stone Faces, immense in carven ruin,  
Above the trembling of giant trees emerge.

Stone Faces, of secret and eternal smile,  
Ruined Faces, perilously towering  
Over the waving of the wilderness, a four-fold  
Gaze, opposing the slow strength of Time ;

Visible afar, stony serenity, crown  
Of the builders' labour of imagination,  
Last and loftiest thought of a little dust,  
That once robed in authority, moved commanding,

When overseeing his busy-handed companies  
Of workmen, and elephants hoisting obedient,  
A King magnificent, satiate of victory,  
Builded his vision of the eternal Power ;

Have you not heard, alone in your abandonment  
Since the last echoing vibrations vanished  
Of tremulous fame diminishing, have you not  
Mid the resplendent silence of the noon

[LAURENCE BINYON

Heard the cry of the little seed in the earth  
Prisoned, and crying to the mighty Sun in heaven  
With his strong beams to find and to deliver her ?  
Through million miles of air is heard her cry ;

The cry of Desire, that aches with a blind throbbing,  
Ignorant of all but the aching of its desire,  
Desire inappeasable, cruel as a desert thirst,  
Desire born of desire, breeding desire ?

In lust of light it springs from the little seed,  
Climbing out of the hot suffocation of darkness,  
Multiplying, bursting, swelling to burst afresh,  
Writhing and wrestling to mount into the light.

And up from the furnaces of its own corruption  
As with a trample of triumph, to the imperious  
Sting of the Sun and the prodigally spending  
Wanton rains, surges the sap in answer.

As if it were red blood passioning the suddenness  
Of panther's sinewy and ungovernable spring ;  
As if it were an invisible conflagration  
Glorying up into a momentary splendour,

The sap presses, stronger than spurting fountains,  
Reasonless, wild as the doubled strength of madness ;  
Invisible and unheard, it races into  
The boughs, and the boughs stream out into the leaves.

[LAURENCE BINYON

Roots thrust downward in the black heat of earth ;  
Boughs descend, thicken, and root themselves afresh,  
The builded fabric is seized and is enfolded  
In the tightening of those fibres, passive as a victim.

Supplanting the jamb, a root upholds the lintel ;  
Cracking the rounded column and delicately carved  
Frieze, with slow muscle the serpent-folds  
Fasten increasing, crush or twist awry ;

Invented order and scruple of willed proportion,  
The strong square, all the lineaments of reason,  
Lost in the green extravagance, the strangling  
Young embraces of a pitiless desire.

Vast blocks, upheaved as by an elephant's  
Shouldering force, are incredibly suspended  
By vast stems, that swelling slow like pythons  
Capture a purchase for their upward towering.

The ancient meditation of the Gods is prisoned  
As in the clasp of heavy and voluptuous arms.  
The still presence of Peace is broken in fragments :  
Ruined and fabulous is the eternal smile.

The Stone Faces look from a lost battle  
Over the ascending wilderness, the nearing  
Waves of Time re-conquering Eternity,  
As a beaten rock left on a crumbling strand.

II

Images people the shadows and throng the sun-soaked  
Porches ; demon forms, and the armed trample  
Of warriors ; frowns of scorn and limbs of anger ;  
And, 'mid their conflict, shapes of young delight.

Ah, Heavenly Dancer, motioned to ecstasy  
Breathing in stone, O time-delivered vision,  
Image of celestial joy everlasting  
Sung by the body to the spirit's flute,

Now like a ship-wreckt remnant of security  
Drifted to shore by the negligent ocean-streams,  
Thou hidest, shaped into the image of humanity,  
As lips hide speech, the spirit's profound desire.

In a trance the eye can behold the hands that formed  
thee,  
Supple hands, chiselling the stone's resistance  
To a thought in the fingers' pressure and smooth  
relentings,  
Transfiguring ancient stone to breathing mind,

Like as the distant gaze and sky-divining  
Will of the helmsman, with touches light as breath  
Shape the speed of a winged keel to union  
With the firm wind's invisible inspiration.

The hand traces ; the blood thinks and pauses ;  
Fingers marry and divide ; perfecting motions,  
Delicately measuring, shape into significance  
Dreams : But hands have purpose, these have none,

These strong fibres, strong as the whole body  
Of a wrestler locked in an obstinate tenacity  
Of effort, clutch of innumerable tendrils,  
Never relaxing their terrible embrace.

*Live, Live !* cry they, as they mount exuberant—  
Whither ? O whither the seething, savage ardour  
Craving, and riotous in its own destruction ?  
Answers only the silence of the Sun.

The silence of the Sun possesses the still cranny.  
Smooth lizards flicker across the abraded wall.  
High amid molten splendour in topmost trees  
The indolent gibbon swings from branch to branch ;

Song of birds, rippling an airy and strange chime,  
And shrilled unceasing chorus of cicalas  
Crown the ruined history of proud peoples.  
The Forest burns in the crucible of the Sun.



III

Out of the moulder of Time and great oblivion  
Shines the remoteness of legendary majesties,  
Willed to remain high over farthest sundown,  
Now in a memory trembling insubstantial.

Solomon the King built a temple in Jerusalem  
For the glory of the Lord to inhabit for eternity.  
Lebanon from her forests gave him cedar and cypress ;  
These became pillar and beam and coffered ceiling

Carved with lily and gourd and palm and pomegranate ;  
And all overlaid was the house within with gold.  
Stone was the foundation ; in the midmost was the  
oracle :

There Solomon ascended to the secrecy of the Lord.

It was told to Solomon : There is a queen in Saba,  
In Saba of sweet valleys, of spices and precious stones.  
Young she is and comely ; and she seeks after wisdom.  
Great pity it is that she worshippeth the Sun.

Balkis the queen had grave men for her counsellors ;  
Warriors stood before her to execute her bidding.  
She was wise in her body's secret wisdom of beauty :  
But none knew her wisdom ; it flowed not from her lips.

[LAURENCE BINYON

It was told in the ears of Balkis : Solomon the King  
Is wiser than all men, even than the sages of Egypt.  
Also he has riches beyond computation ;  
Armies he has and navies, and seven hundred wives.

Learned is he in the tongues of beast and bird,  
In the hearts of the fishes and of all creeping things.  
And Balkis was seized with a marvelling curiosity.  
I will see this Solomon, said Balkis, and arose,

And with heavy-laden camels she journeyed to Jeru-  
salem.

And Solomon accepted her Arabian spice : he showed  
her

The splendour of his house, his servants and all his  
horsemen,

And the temple founded to be the Lord's for ever.

Solomon and Balkis sat upon lofty thrones

Together ; the bright birds of the air thronged round  
them,

Many-coloured plumage ; and the King knew their  
voices,

The lion in the wilderness also he heard afar.

Solomon spoke not of his own magnificence

And the things he had shown her, surpassing belief and  
rumour,

[LAURENCE BINYON

Till her heart was faint ; he 'had shown her all these  
marvels,

And not a question asked he had not answered.

But he spoke of the Temple wherein he had newly  
housed

The glory of the invisible God, creator  
Of all men, even of Solomon and his wisdom ;  
The temple built to endure for everlasting.

Then were they silent. Evening descended on them ;  
And the low sun smote that high place in Jerusalem  
Over against all the splendour of the Temple,  
That seemed eternity flaming before their eyes.

In the gaze of Solomon was a great contentment  
With all he had willed and all he had performed.  
But still in the unreasonable memory of Balkis  
Was the cry of the seed to the glory of the Sun.

#### IV

Lips imperious, bosom superb ! Eyes  
Smiling with all persuasion to all adventure !  
Veins that leap in the lightning of ecstasy ! Spirit  
Of splendour and storm, peril of Caesar and sage !

[LAURENCE BINYON

Whether to charm the eagle mind from its solitude  
And wondrously to enter the secret and strange places  
Of wisdom, passionately importuning that ultimate  
Possession, satiate of all else beside ;

Or with subtle tendrils of pleasure serpentine  
About the strength of the stony will, and weaving  
Nets invisible, merciless, inescapable,  
Softly to master the mastery of the strong ;

Or stung by profounder hunger of satisfaction,  
Incarnate Flame, to tower a rapturous moment  
Over an empire fallen in ashes, exulting  
To vanish in legend, having destroyed a world ;

From what seed sown in the ignorant immensity  
Of existence, ascend you into agonies and furies,  
Not joy, not pain, but necessity of deliverance,  
To enchant, to burn into victory and perish ?

These dead doorways, black squares of emptiness,  
Framed in vivid stone that scorches the hand  
And dazzles the sight, are not so hollow  
As the sockets that housed the brilliance of your eyes,

And this palsy of twisted and whitened fibre,  
Dangling inert athwart the interior blackness,  
Is not so wasted as the suppleness of arms  
Moulded to be chains about the necks of conquerors.

All that interior triumph of the throbbing heart  
Throbbing through wall and pillar and through the  
hardness

Of men, dissolving fortresses, is quieter  
Than dust in the corner ; earth from you has peace.

O Stone Faces, was it a far-off vision  
Of peace that the builder imagined when he shaped you,  
That shadowy king, to endure beyond his memory  
And awe with eternal mask the children of Time ?

No ! in his heart was a vision of Life the Destroyer  
Dancing the dance of Desire, the all-creating,  
All-destroying : Power from Power proceeding,  
Or Death from Death issuing, who shall know ?

V

Here in the forest under a roof of mats,  
Cross-legged sitting, with a bowl beside him,  
Waited the Eremite in his still persistence,  
Motionless contemplating the eternal motion.

Come back, thou Eremite ! here in the fierce forest  
To thine old station, whether from a handful  
Of dust remoulded, or from the wandered worlds  
Of air, an essence into Time resumed !

[LAURENCE BINYON

Still as a flame is still in a windless place,  
Seeking thy far and invisible affinity,  
Ages on ages, while the emperors and great captains  
March into shadowy victories and vanish ;

Hearing not clash of arms, nor the resounding  
Triumph, nor cry of the vanquished, but with senses  
Unfeasted, sure of that foreknown subsiding  
Into the silence where thy thought is native.

Round thy ribs slowly fasten the serpent-roots ;  
Over thee meshes that insatiate voracity  
As with mouths thirsting for life's fierce savour,  
As with limbs lusting for the pleasures of the Sun.

Still art thou there, like the emptiness a whirlpool  
Furiously encompasses, O indestructible  
Emptiness ! Only the communion of silence  
Fills thee, and light that the evening dims not.

O thou Eremite, seated in thy mystery  
Of patience, gazing down the ruin of Time,  
Thou to the ravaging forest that so rejoices  
To teem and perish, perish and teem again,

Thou art no more than a fallen fragment of stone  
Only to be seized by the implacable fibres,  
Lifeless, without share in the green upsurging  
That streams about thee and climbs above thy head.

[LAURENCE BINYON

But to thee, dipt into a central stillness,  
All this enormity of violent abundance,  
All the strength of the serpent-roots, and the wild  
Energy leaping into boughs and leaves,

Are but obstructing shadow and apparition,  
A vapour trembling from vain desires of Time,  
Drawn as a mist is drawn from the wandering rivers,  
The stream into the cloud, and the cloud into the stream.

But from what desire, O Eremitic, dost thou come?  
From what seed sown in the abysses of the stars  
Was the strong engendering of the passion of thy still-  
ness,  
Desire surpassing all the desires of mortals,

Secret in the shadows of the body, a strange excess,  
A strange, transforming anguish of the light,  
Prisoned in the heart's beat, and out of its prison  
Crying to the glory of the universal Sun?

*Note.*—The Bayon is one of the temples in the ruined city of Angkor, in Cambodia, overgrown by the jungle.

EDMUND BLUNDEN



[EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE MEMORIAL  
(1914-1918)

Against this lantern, shrill, alone,  
The wind springs out of the plain.  
Such winds as this must fly and moan  
Round the summit of every stone  
On every hill ; and yet a strain  
Beyond the measure elsewhere known  
Seems here.

Who cries ? who mingles with the gale ?  
Whose touch, so anxious and so weak, invents  
A coldness in the coldness ? in this veil  
Of whirling mist what hue of clay consents ?  
Can atoms intercede ?

And are those shafted bold constructions there,  
Mines more than golden, wheels that outrace need,  
Crowded coróns, victorious chimneys—are  
Those touched with question too ? pale with the dream  
Of those who in this æther-stream  
Are urging yet their painful, woundful theme ?  
Day flutters as a curtain, stirred  
By a hidden hand ; the eye grows blurred.  
Those towers, uncrystalled, fade.  
The wind from north and east and south  
Comes with its starved white mouth  
And at this crowning trophy cannot rest—  
No, speaks as something past plain words distressed.

[EDMUND BLUNDEN

Be still, if these your voices are ; this monolith  
For you and your high sleep was made.

Some have had less.

No gratitude in deathlessness ?

No comprehension of the tribute paid ?

You would speak still ? Who with ?

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

SUILVEN AND THE EAGLE

(To L. and C. A.)

*Darkness. Light touches two heads on high, the two  
peaks of the mountain Suilven, and sinks downward.*

SUILVEN I

The beginning was silence :  
When I first stood I found it here.  
This is still the beginning ;  
I do not belong to time, as the clear  
Events that come and cease  
About my knees  
Belong to time and death.  
Above the air, beyond the wind  
I endure without life or breath.

SUILVEN II

The beginning was stillness :  
Of that stillness the silence was made.  
When I was left here alone  
I felt myself rise in the thinning  
And ceasing air as islands  
Rise within water, then rise and find  
That the water is done—  
And yet are not stayed.

SUILVEN I

I rise, but not as the blade,  
Or the sap-driven shoot, or the wave,  
That are eager and transient and will-less,

I maintain myself—purposed and grave—  
In the action of rising  
By the firmness of an upward curve,  
And the strain of a poising  
That must not relax or swerve,  
And determined penetration  
Of pitiless air that would bear me down.  
In my station  
This motion intent upon rest  
Is my being, my zest.

SUUVEN I and II

Stillness, silence know  
Rain, light, snow.  
I am, in spite of these.  
Life-causing soil, trees  
Are not of me. Wings  
Violate me, yet the flying things  
Leave me virgin and go.  
I shall be here after them all ;  
I shall know things life will not know ;  
And I shall not fall.

*At the foot of The Mountain crouches The Eagle,  
holding an infant child in her bosom between her  
wings. As the light touches her she speaks.*

THE EAGLE

O deep, creating Light,  
My energy, my desire,  
Receive me into you in the height  
And force me to aspire.

Alone I am made for you ;  
I alone rise and gaze  
With lidless eyes, alone pursue  
Like spiring flame your ways.

I am that part of life  
Which will not live but to dare :  
When I must rest from joyful strife  
I climb the lonely air,

And climbing strive again.  
On fellow life I prey,  
Knowing that immaterial pain  
Passes and things remain

In me or outside me,  
Which deepen in that fierce way  
Life, and by wisdom and cruelty  
Continue it for a day.

Out of the fathomless height,  
Come, shew to me here  
This thing I have held in my breast all night,  
Desired, devoted, dear.  
On strange, small limb and brow  
Come, Light, now.

SULVEN II

Eagle, you labour in breath.  
Slow, slow was your flight :  
As to a haven of death  
You lifted yourself in the night.

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

SUILVEN I

Stroke by heavy stroke  
I heard each toiling wing :  
The darkness under me shook.

SUILVEN II

I felt you bring  
A weight against your side  
Greater than eagles bear ;  
You were benighted and wide  
Of your exalted lair.

SUILVEN I

You were failing and overflown ;  
In you alarm had begun ;  
You had done something to eagles unknown.

SUILVEN I and II

Eagle, what have you done ?

THE EAGLE, *crying aloud in a high passionate voice.*

What is alarm ? Where have I shewn  
Fear or the signs of fear ?

SUILVEN I and II, *softly and slowly, like an echo.*

Here.

THE EAGLE

I know no cause. My desire is won.

SUILVEN I and II

Eagle, what have you done ?

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

THE EAGLE, *defiantly*.

I have taken an infant man  
Where he slept in the shade of a stone,  
While his mother was cutting peat  
Afar, tired, alone  
In the evening heat.  
She heard him cry and she ran.  
He cried again from the air ;  
Under my breast his crying began  
And she knew he was there.  
I flew in the light's last breathing ;  
My eyes weakened with toil ;  
As I rose there rose the scething  
Cloud-màsses of night,  
Coil over darkening coil,  
And dazed I faltered in flight.

SUILVEN I

Eagle, did not that fault  
In the harmony of your powers  
Tell you of evil done to exalt  
Your will and passion in assault  
Of the law of being that is ours,  
Yours and ours ?

THE EAGLE, *crying*.

Nay !

SUILVEN I and II, *again as an echo*.

Yea !



THE EAGLE, *more quietly*.

Nay.

Nay : you can never know  
Desire, possession, delight,  
And all that comes in the flow  
And the ebb of life. My might  
Accumulated in me  
To satisfy my love.  
My passion rose at the sight  
Of this soft unfeathered thing,  
And I felt a new thrill move  
In my breath and spread to each wing  
At the thought of such infancy  
In man, unflawed and clean ;  
In all the earth and sky  
Nothing ever known  
Had filled me with love so wholly—  
Intense, burning, serene—  
As in that moment streamed  
Through my passages, to drown  
My reason, and softly gleamed  
Around me, like air made holy.  
I thought of my wilder young, my twain,  
With their minds sooner awake,  
And I longed for that purity again  
For their sake—  
To bear it to my nest,  
To fix my foot in its side,  
To tear it, sinew and breast,  
And then before it died  
Feed with its vital heat

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

My eaglets that it might strain  
Their hearts to a fuller beat,  
To different knowledge each brain.

SUILVEN I

Spirit expressed by wings,  
I have no power of flight,  
But I rise, I must be on high,  
And I know your ardour for height :  
And I know that man is as we,  
And I tell you you do not well  
To add to man's sufferings,  
Spirit destroying spirit in glee,  
Insatiable.

THE EAGLE

It is my right : I tear  
The lamb, the dove, the hare,  
The frightened things.  
The spirit that spreads my wings  
Does not spare the lesser bird ;  
Why then must I be stirred  
To pity by man alone ?

SUILVEN II

Eagle, this you have done  
Is not for any to dare.  
Beware : beware.

SUUVEN I

Beware.

THE EAGLE

If I am not to dare  
I cannot live : that is my being.  
How could a spirit bear  
Hearing, feeling, seeing,  
And let even thought restrain her  
From doing what she must ?

*A silence.*

Tell me I am not to dare,  
And I still will dare—and be dust.  
How shall I be a gainer  
If a bound is set to my flight ?  
Am I forbidden to attain  
Even one unknown height ?

*A silence.*

Although I bear the pain  
Of defeat, of being destroyed,  
I will never refrain  
From doing my will.  
No portion of life shall be void  
For her who is steadfast still.  
Tell me no more. I will not believe it.

SUUVEN I and II, *in echo.*

Leave it.

*Eight veiled women in grey enter, a chorus of The Mountain Mist, and range themselves from side to side of the stage, hiding The Eagle from sight.*

FIRST WOMAN

Whenever I exist  
I am gentle and wild mist.  
Out of still Earth,  
Parent of all,  
I recur in constant birth.  
Then by the chill of night  
I die ; my being vanishes,  
Into the earth I return, I fall.

CHORUS

My father is Light :  
His heat is my generation and regeneration :  
He begets me again at dawn, and immediate  
As action upon thought I am born again—  
As though the spirit within me could not cease  
But, breaking into new form and emanation,  
Rises again to the indestructible state  
Of life, and I have no knowledge how I have lain  
In darkness, stillness, peace.

FIRST SEMICHORUS

For stillness is not my nature's command,  
Nor my greatest delight.  
I am supple ; I coil ; in strand within strand  
I weave, like birds that are taking flight  
Yet never leave each other, like boughs  
That interlace and part but to blossom,  
Like swirling lines of light in the bosom  
Of changing water that ever unite  
And part and weave as it flows.

## [GORDON BOTTOMLEY

### SECOND SEMICHORUS

Yet how to be still in heat  
I know : when the air cannot breathe  
The wings on my tip-toe feet  
Never flicker, and wreath upon wreath  
My substance is unswayed ;  
I pause, I poise, I am stayed  
Like a vision where unexhaled  
Ecstasy broods at its heart,  
The veil and the secret veiled  
Blended and not to part.

### CHORUS

I am at the will of the masterful air ;  
But I know a refuge—a refuge is there  
Where the stony heights go up beyond the wind.  
In the dawn, in the light I rise to their lofty sides  
And sheltering walls, and I stream in circling tides  
Into their chasms and hollows, and receive light  
Like a spirit slanting through me lonely and blind—  
Seeking something beyond and without sight  
Of the shadowy beauty it makes and passes through.  
I shape myself to the mountains' shapes and cling  
In their soundless habitations, wandering  
With returning eddying motions faint and few.  
Now I rise about Suilven, now to the heights I bring  
The adoration of lowly things, hushed and new :  
As a cup that is full, that a passionate touch would  
    spill,  
Here I would stand and supplicate and be still.

*A woman enters, The Mother, beside herself with sleepless anxiety and misery.*

THE MOTHER

Through the night. . . . Through the night. . . . I  
have been running

All night long, with only a silenced cry  
To guide me. I have not seen the path of my  
anguish—

For a thousand minutes of darkness I have been  
A blind woman, unerring and sure-footed,  
Driven, driven, driven, driven by force  
That streamed in me and turned me as it would.

The eagle has my child,

The eagle that tears what it takes ;

And the force that streamed in me streamed out of  
me

And I felt that it poured straight on and reached my  
child.

I do not know where the eagle has its nest,  
But I know I was reaching it among these heights  
Until the shock of the dawn distracted me.

Come, night, again and shew me where to go  
In the darkness, instinct with a single mind.

For now I see where I am, and I fear :

In the darkness I had never noticed the mist,  
I only knew where I had to go, and how ;

But now I dare not step from ledge to ledge,  
Lest I should step on a dark place in the mist

And fall into a hollow shadow. I wait :

If I wait long I shall tremble and then be weak.

And if I wait the eagle will awaken  
With the growing light and begin to feed its young  
With what is in its nest : and my child is there,  
But I dare not move in the mist. O cruel light,  
Disturb the air : lacerate these veils  
That separate me from my life !

FIRST SEMICHORUS, *softly*.

What is this that shakes me ?  
What has arisen here ?  
Something has entered into my being  
That is not welcome to me.  
There is passion here, and it grieves me :  
I cannot sustain the violence,  
It is like a polluting touch upon my essence.

SECOND SEMICHORUS, *softly*.

A strange pressure makes me  
Alert, uneasy ; I am near  
To something that is pursuing or fleeing,  
And restless with agony.  
I wait until it leaves me :  
It is too warm, it must go hence :  
It has nothing to do with me, this throbbing presence.

THE MOTHER

I am done. I begin to see dark and moving shapes  
In these wet wisps of cloud, and to hear thin voices  
Rustling where there is nothing. O, clinging air,  
Open to me, shew me even my dread  
Before my senses leave me.

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

While I am trembling here, and tottering,  
The eagle's nest is near, the instants pass  
In which I am not too late ; and I cannot find it.  
What shall I see—a baby body that bleedeth ?

SULVEN I and II, *in echo.*

Death.

THE MOTHER, *crying out.*

I am answered out of the height and the deeps of  
space.

I dare not wait : I go in my dizzy fear,  
My force renewed by the voice.

*She breaks through the rank of The Mist, which  
closes again behind her.*

CHORUS

This lonely thing is not like a bird  
That can mount on high beyond my reach :  
On, on she urges and nothing is heard  
To answer her spirit in its own speech.

Film after film of my being she passes ;  
She believes that she parts veil after veil  
To reach an end, but my endless mazes—  
Though they fill with light and are airy and pale—

*The Chorus parts in the middle and files off to each  
side, shewing The Mother bewildered ; at the sides*



*the two halves turn, file back, and form up again further up stage and behind The Mother. As they move they continue speaking.*

Open but on themselves, and hide  
Whatever things may here exist ;  
Though light within me may drop and glide,  
It will only shew the mist to the mist.

THE MOTHER, *between sobs.*

From terror to terror upon the edge of air  
I have crept and clung ; but I do not know how to  
dare  
In light as I dared in darkness. Last night I could  
stare  
Into the darkness, and there  
Feel the way I must go. . . . The way I must go ?  
Which is the way I must go ? O, tell me where !

*She breaks through the rank of the Chorus again. When she has passed through, the Chorus Women separate in an interlacing dance, amid which The Mother, bewildered and despairing, appears and disappears again and again. As the Women dance they speak softly.*

FIRST WOMAN

This way !

SECOND WOMAN

This way !

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

THIRD WOMAN

This way !

FOURTH WOMAN

This way !

FIRST WOMAN

Stay !

THIRD WOMAN

Stay !

FIFTH WOMAN

This way !

SEVENTH WOMAN

Stay !

FOURTH WOMAN

This,

SIXTH WOMAN

This,

EIGHTH WOMAN

This way !

FIRST WOMAN

Here !

THE MOTHER, *loudly*.

Where ?

FIRST WOMAN

Here !

EIGHTH WOMAN

No, here !

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

THIRD WOMAN

Light is thinning us !

SIXTH WOMAN

Sight is clear !

*They close in and hide The Mother an instant ;  
then open and continue their dance.*

SECOND WOMAN

What are we hiding ?

FOURTH WOMAN

Something is near !

SEVENTH WOMAN

Misty sisters, misty sisters, let her through !

THIRD WOMAN

Let her through !

SEVENTH WOMAN

She has slipt us !

THIRD WOMAN

Come, pursue !

SEVENTH WOMAN

Now she turns !

THIRD WOMAN

Begin anew !

FIRST WOMAN

This way !

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

EIGHTH WOMAN

This way !

SECOND WOMAN

This way !

SEVENTH WOMAN

This way !

THIRD WOMAN

Stay !

SIXTH WOMAN

Stay !

FIRST WOMAN

This way !

FOURTH WOMAN

Stay !

FIFTH WOMAN

This,

SEVENTH WOMAN

This,

FIRST WOMAN

his way !

THIRD WOMAN

Follow, follow, anywhere !

THE MOTHER, *loudly*.

Where ? Where ?

THIRD WOMAN

Anywhere !

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY -

SIXTH WOMAN

There !

FOURTH WOMAN

No, there !

SEVENTH WOMAN

No, there !

FIRST WOMAN

No, there !

SECOND WOMAN

Waving, weaving,

FIFTH WOMAN

Meeting, leaving,

, EIGHTH WOMAN

Fleeting, floating,

FOURTH WOMAN

Up in air !

FIRST WOMAN

See, a pathway !

SEVENTH WOMAN

Or a chasm !

THIRD WOMAN

Shining, hiding !

SIXTH WOMAN

A topless stair !

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

THE MOTHER, *singing out in ecstasy.*

Wind of the dawn, wind of the dawn, dear wind,  
I am here ! Come into my heart, pour over me,  
Unclothe me of the mist, give life to my eyes ;  
Let sight return, and, with returning sight,  
Light to my feet, force to my hands, energy  
Into my leaping soul !

*At her voice the dance stops suddenly : then the  
Chorus divides into the two Semichoruses, and one  
drifts out dancing on either hand. As they part, The  
Eagle is seen standing and bearing the child, facing  
The Mother.*

FIRST SEMICHORUS

Wind again—dispersing wind !

SECOND SEMICHORUS

Our tissues scatter, tattered and thinned !

FIRST SEMICHORUS, *more softly.*

This way ! This way !

SECOND SEMICHORUS, *more and more softly.*

This way ! This way !

Stay ! This way !

FIRST SEMICHORUS

I cannot stay !

This,

SECOND SEMICHORUS

This,

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

FIRST SEMICHORUS

This way !

*They disappear simultaneously.*

THE MOTHER

My little one is here !

Eagle, give me my child !

THE EAGLE, *wary and at bay.*

He is not yours : he is mine.

THE MOTHER, *stepping forward.*

I know my own : I take him.

THE EAGLE, *laying the child between her feet and standing over him.*

I have taken him.

What I desire I take : then it is mine.

Go. Let me alone. I am not human,

Not defenceless : beak and talon and wing

Are given to me to express my angry right

To keep what I can take.

THE MOTHER, *reaching to the child.*

The child ! Let the child go !

THE EAGLE, *repulsing her.*

You vex me : vex me no more.

What is a child to me ?

What is a child to you ? Go, find your mate

And breed another child ; or a pair at once—

A new one and one to serve instead of this—

And leave this young one to me that is now my own.

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

You are a common woman, as blackbird and gull  
Are common birds : I am over you, I am the eagle.  
You brèed, and the lòrds of life tàke your brood.  
Your child shall be my food : it is mine, it is suitable.  
Go.

THE MOTHER, *reaching again to the child.*

He is mine. He is mine.

THE EAGLE, *sweeping out one arm and hand like a talon, and tearing The Woman's bodice from her bosom.*

Milk-bearer, given a power denied to me,  
I wish I had struck deeper and torn you there.  
I would not feed my young as you feed yours ;  
They are born fierce to tear the food I bring,  
And that is my living joy. Yet I can hate you  
Because life has denied to me your rapture  
Of nourishing them out of myself. Milk-bearer,  
Receive my hatred. (*Hissing.*) Nurer of helplessness,  
I curse and despise you.

THE MOTHER, *pressing The Eagle's lifted wing-sleeves to her sides and holding her helpless in embrace.*

Go back ! Go from my child ! Leave him !

THE EAGLE, *in surprise.*

Fangless woman, you do not flinch from me  
As your men have flinched. You are not afraid of me :  
You can dare as I dare. Woman, I can love you.  
Leave me your young one : I know now why I loved  
him



[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

And longed unbearably to take him to me.  
I will not maim him, I will not release his blood :  
I would nurture in my nest and with my young  
A spirit such as yours,  
Feed it with a darker flow than milk,  
And watch it grow in fearlessness and beauty  
As you have grown, but prouder by my wisdom—  
Man and royal bird, and although wingless  
Quick with the force of wings. . . .

*As she speaks she has been steadily pressed back by  
The Mother, who now suddenly stoops and snatches  
the child to her bosom.*

Ai ! Ahai !

THE MOTHER, *kissing and kissing the child.*

Beloved, heart of my being,  
Essence of my substance and soul,  
You are safe, you are safe from the winged swift evil.

THE EAGLE

I have done him no hurt : he is whole.

THE MOTHER, *not regarding The Eagle.*

You are part of me again,  
My only possession, my all.  
They said " He is dead : nothing avails."

THE EAGLE

I did not let him fall.

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

THE MOTHER

But you could not die, my joy,  
While fierce life beat in my mind  
And urged me to you across this void.

THE EAGLE

Wingless, eager, blind !

THE MOTHER

My force was firm as a cord ;  
I walked without thought, as in sleep ;  
It linked me and led me, feelingless, torn.

THE EAGLE

Along my airy steep !

THE MOTHER

Love, these celestial places  
Are pitiless to men ;  
They engender pitiless minds, I hasten  
Down to the croft and the glen.

My heart never missed a stroke  
Until I clasped you there ;  
Then, then it was still and stood, and I shook  
And no more knew I could dare.

*As she goes out.*

Home, O home, little heart,  
For now I am afraid ;  
I remember when we were apart,  
And there was nowhere aid.

*She goes.*

THE EAGLE, *crouching in dejection at the mountain's foot.*

I was born to anger, my life  
Was in my power to burn  
When any questioned my will :  
Anger, anger, not grief  
I have answered with in return.  
Now my fierce mind is still  
And slow, and I must believe—  
Despised, mastered, defeated—  
That now I learn to grieve.  
This, this is worse than the death  
That eagles know to die :  
My very being is unseated  
In its inward majesty  
That looked down upon space  
And what space held beneath.  
This is grief, this dejection  
That I cannot lift if I rise.  
I was weak by my affection  
For the small-limbed, hairless child :  
But it is not there, not there  
That I learn these agonies :  
It is that a moment came  
When I, the unbeaten and wild,  
No longer knew how to dare.  
I am the eagle no more,  
But a hen-bird, scolding and tame :  
Of a shrivelling soul I shall die.  
Who is there now to restore,  
To comfort me where I lie ?

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

SUILVEN I and II, *in echo*.

I. . . .

THE EAGLE, *rising*.

Suilven, you cannot know  
The surprise that comes of living.  
I come, and then I go,  
Passionately learning  
Pride, failure, grieving ;  
But you stand here, never burning  
Or shivering, or tired ;  
You never change, for you do not feel ;  
If you are wounded you need not heal ;  
You have not moved or desired.

*As The Eagle speaks the light lessens until she is scarcely discernible in the darkness of the lower part of the stage.*

Darkness of thunder comes.  
Death comes in such a way,  
Except that that blackness will not be broken  
By flash and crash, nor day  
Return for me in that time  
When my wings can no more climb  
The returning light :  
But when death's darkness has spoken  
And gone you will be here  
As after this, unmoved and sheer,  
Not minding day or night.

<sup>1</sup>  
[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

How, then, can you comfort me now  
With the only wisdom you know,  
That is not of life and the light ?

SUILVEN I

Eagle, I stand alone.  
Few are those who can bear  
Loneliness : they have known  
Something more than to dare.

SUILVEN II

Grief must end : daring  
Is an act and is soon over.  
Something more unsparring  
Is asked of pride's lover,  
  
Of the great nature, the lonely  
Who live above the herd :  
They know that steadfastness only  
Is theirs, though they are not spared  
  
Dishonour, maiming, defeat—  
As from storms that cleave my sides.

SUILVEN I

Eagle, is it not sweet,  
Although your passion is fleet,  
To contain that which abides ?

Eagle, upon my height  
Springs a lucid well,  
Not fed by any light  
Rain that ever fell

[GORDON BOTTOMLEY

SUUVEN I and II

Stillness, silence know  
In such a pause as this  
There comes loud blow upon blow  
Of sound. It is nearer. Near.  
Another sound is clear,  
The first descending hiss  
Of the cataracts of the sky.  
I shall seem not to Be, for a space ;  
And my blind and voided place  
To be filled tumultuously  
With boiling, toiling wreaths  
Of maddened and dark rain  
That swirls and seethes  
While lightning slides between.  
And in that furious pall  
Wild forces would bear me down :  
I thrust against them in stillness lone :  
And I shall not fall.

CURTAIN

*27th June, 1929.*

GERALD BULLETT

LOGOS

In dream the desired came  
To my lonely bed,  
As twere to her own :  
And called my name  
And touched my head.

But I knew, waking,  
My guest for a ghost  
Wrought by heart-hest  
In me her host,  
And lay, heart breaking.

And so, plaining,  
I cried : Ere the dream dim  
Can I not weave  
Flesh of this feigning,  
Even like him

Who, lone aspiring,  
With lust beyond our ken,  
Out of the bright dust  
Of his own desiring  
Made stars and men ?

But the fair vision fled  
My wild questioning,  
And I, a child,  
Lay in my dark bed  
With none companioning.



[GERALD BULLETT

SUMMER'S END

Were this the end of beauty it were good,  
Good medicine, to have seen the wanton slain.  
But sap too soon leaps in the winter'd wood,  
And spring returning quickens the old pain.

THE LOVER BIDS HIS HEART  
BE ABSENT

Because I love her,  
The sky is dark above her.  
Because I find her fair,  
There is a menace in the very air.  
A single leaf of the tree  
Is not more frail than she,  
Whose every breath  
Draws her, because I love her, nearer death.  
So, heart, absent you from me now, that I,  
Lest the belovèd die,  
May feign I do not love her.

HARVEST

The garden swells with harvest.  
Red as the moon of night,  
Apples cluster on the wall ;  
Marrows, fat and white,  
Creep out of their borders ;  
Finches haunt the corn.  
—*Be patient, heavy woman,*  
*Your child will soon be born.*

[JOSEPH CAMPBELL

## THE MOON

The moon, like Love's bow,  
Is bent in the sky.  
In the lake it hangs  
Heavily :  
Love's bow no longer,  
Clear and white,  
But a sword  
Of dark and bloody light !

[JOSEPH CAMPBELL

SPRING CONCEIT

Green buds  
Hang freshly  
On the water :  
My fair-haired Sons,  
And my dark-haired Daughter.

Dead leaves  
Dance drily  
In the wind :  
My Father,  
My Mother,  
And the Ghosts of my Kind !

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

[WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

## THE SPIRIT OF THE FOUNTAIN

Dawn like a milky sea invades  
Heiligenberg, the river gleams  
Beneath the mist, in pine-tree glades  
White Alpine flowers shake off deep dreams,

Shake off bright dews and lift their faces  
Star-eyed to greet the Sun, who peers  
With burning glance into woodland places,  
Fierce as artillery, swift as spears.

The bells of Heiligenberg are ringing,  
Flooding in tides of sweetness down,  
The sound of Resurrection bringing  
To the lovely roofs of the hidden town.

In forest heights the goatherds waking  
Drive on their flocks to greet the day,  
Who in the lustral Orient breaking  
Sends one by one the stars away.

Deep in the pine-wood hides a fountain,  
Round which the sylvan lilies grow,  
Lost in the bosom of the mountain,  
Invisible to men below.

7  
[WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

Ere the last star has paled, or ever  
The last white web of mist be gone,  
Whose woven veils of laces sever  
City and river from the Sun,

I will go upward softly treading  
On wood-paths drenched in summer dew  
To find my fountain, the dim aisles threading,  
To find my fountain, for there are You.

I will look into its face of crystal,  
Which only reflects mine own aright ;  
Lily by lily with gleaming pistil  
Shall shine an echo to our delight . . .



[WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

CLASSICAL LANDSCAPE—AFTER CHIRICO

Blue distances in which sad aching eyes  
Can bathe and be refreshed—the low hills creep  
Down to the sea, crowded with pines above  
The clustering vineyards and gray silvery olives.

There are the yellow sands where on some noon  
Of salty blue the Poet may discover  
Amid the warm stones Pegasus asleep,  
Huge vans folded along the shining flanks,

And the bright topaz eye-balls closed, and the  
fierce  
Mane that flies whistling through the acrid  
aether  
Motionless now, save when a tiny wind  
Born amid sea-holly and sea-poppy stirs it.

Then perchance will the tired Poet lie down  
Amid the sand-flowers by the winged Horse  
sleeping,  
And he will rest his head on the drooping neck  
Of the superb Monster and sleep too.

And the Sun shall spread his broad hands of  
crystal  
In benison on those two weary ones,

ADAMUS EXSUL

Tenderness, turn again to bless Thy son !

The shadow of those walls of emerald,  
That were the trees of Eden, and the gleam  
Of her sapphirine streams are with me yet,  
For the whole shining world is interfused  
With the memory of her cedar-fragrant  
    mountains,  
And her gold-feathered doves. Chains, chains,  
    all chains,  
These laws, these governments, these institu-  
    tions—  
O for my gentle nakedness, as when  
Shining I walked and face to face with God  
Was clad but in the mercy of His Kiss !

That was the ecstasy of royal delight ;  
Alone with the Alone, I rejoiced in His Glory,  
Being oned with an infinite exultation ;  
The swift air rushing through the boughs  
Of the ambrosial forests and the keen  
Blue blaze of the strong noon of Paradise,  
Terrible in its flawless abyss of light,  
Were not so swift and not so keen a bliss  
As the all-tender Embrace of the Uncreated ;  
Adonai, whence art Thou withdrawn from me,  
Into what gulfs and chasms unfathomable  
Art Thou departed, o my Friend and Father ?

Tenderness, turn again to bless Thy Son !

Out of a dream once I arose  
Into conscious life and at once beheld  
The forests wheeling round me and the far  
Blue mountains veiled by magic clouds of  
    pearl ;

Immeasurable thickets sweet with musk  
Invited my slow feet, I stood amazed  
At mine own image glassed in a crystal pool,  
Bright as a cloud and stately as a cedar ;  
Thy Park of Pleasures on my staring eyes  
Smote like a grandiose hallucination,  
Peopled with hinds and tigers and the flash,  
Blue flame and gold, crying and singing of  
    birds ;

In innocence the serpent like a tone  
Of subtle music slid before mine eyes.  
I was exceeding lonely in Thy garden,  
Though all creation ministered unto me.  
Amid a choir of lions I would sleep,  
Leaning my head upon a thunderous mane,  
While round me like still lamps those eyes of  
    topaz

Blazed in the starlight ; at dawns I would bathe  
In pools of a tremendous river, beholding  
Long skeins of rosy-red flamingoes pass  
Into the rose of morning ; star on star  
On violet midnights seemed to call my name,  
And yet I knew not what my true name was—  
But ghostly as a cloud among the beasts,

Doves, finches, peacocks with their million  
eyes,  
Dreaming I walked, and the great trees  
dropped odours,  
Balsams and precious gums upon my shoulders,  
And on my long dark hair.

But on a day,  
When the whole forest in the dark blue hush  
Of tropic noon dozed, and my friends the beasts  
Slept in their lairs and caves, disconsolate  
I paced and could not sleep and wished to know  
My name and of what lineage I was ;  
For though I loved the beasts, somehow in them  
I sensed obedience to my will, still craved  
An answer to my challenge none of these  
Could render, but still merciful, serene,  
Gracious, mysterious, always ministering,  
Fawned round me the great tawny lion-kings,  
The burnished birds perched on my hands and  
sang,  
Mine own peculiar minstrels. Much I loved  
All living, yet could not among them all  
Divine the sweet response my spirit craved.

Suddenly in the blaze of a glade of flowers  
I beheld Thee, my Father and my Friend ;  
The worlds took on a meaning shot with bliss,  
Rolled as a veil back from my startled eyes,  
Then amid eagle wings and strange calm faces,  
Terrible and divine as lonely flowers,  
Each one a world, each one a mystery,

I beheld One, and One not such as they,  
Supreme, Remote, Incomprehensible—  
Their beauty smote me as a rain of swords,  
But where Thou wast was peace, and the  
    response  
My spirit craved shone in Thy lonely Eyes.

It is enough : perchance all else that came  
Upon me, subterfuges of my foe  
Whom I had never injured, the sin shared  
With my most lovely spouse and all our woe,  
The centuries, age upon age, in which  
I suffer in my sons and wait to see  
Thee come again in glory—all of this  
Seems light as dust set by that single hour,  
When first I saw Thee, Uttermost Perfection,  
Thee satisfying my soul utterly !

I scarce know how I sinned, I only know  
Thou didst withdraw Thy Beauty from mine  
    eyes ;  
For now I hunger in ever-during darkness,  
Because the one thing needful is gone from me—  
Having once seen Thee, I cannot forget Thee ;  
Far greater is this dateless punishment  
Than I deserve, heavier than I can bear ;  
Amid my chains I call on Adonai—  
Return, return, where'er Thou art is Eden !

Tenderness, turn again to bless Thy son !

RICHARD CHURCH

THE PARALLEL

He was begotten by God alone !  
The story is well known,  
With legend of a tower of gold,  
A maiden therein who enticed  
The morning to her breast,  
And by this passion from the East  
Mothered a little Perseus Christ.

His boyhood was remote and strange ;  
With flight before an elder's wrath,  
By sand and ocean-wave to range,  
Winding a devious path.  
Lost to mankind for sake of man  
He moved protected by the Lord.  
Wisdom before him ran  
With a mirror ; Hermes with a sword.  
Fisherfolk befriended him,  
To guide, and follow where he came  
Upon the Gorgon lying grim  
Along the Temple porch, where wrote  
Money-changers without shame,  
Who bartered innocent blood  
For mysteries once understood.

To cleave the Beast through flesh and  
bone,  
Change theologians to stone,

[RICHARD CHURCH

He raised the mirror, gazed therein,  
Lifted the sword, and smote !

Thereafter went he through the Earth,  
To Heaven by way of Hell ;  
The triumph of a virgin birth,  
As God and womankind know well.



## CHALLENGE TO DUALISM

Day comes again to Earth ; she rolls  
Love-drowsy, shuddering to her lord  
Who shakes with his triumphant mirth,  
Clean, and empty of desire.

Slowly she wakes, remembers, flushes  
With thought of midnight, lifts her  
    voice,  
Until the sky is mad with lark-song,  
The valleys with the clarion cock,  
The woods with ousel-flute, triple  
Shout of thrush, and chorus of finches.

Who could conceive such purity  
Rose from the sweet exhaustion of love ;  
Dew from abandonment, with gold  
Of dust-mote morning, daffodil  
Mood, and music of the brooks ;  
Emblems of our Mother's lust  
When she lay shadowed under the Sun  
And took his fire into her womb ?

IN THE BEGINNING

One night, in a silent world,  
The book upon my kneebones chafed :  
And as I turned the page, my hand  
Withered, shed its flesh, and rattled  
From period to period, bone by bone.  
Even my brain lost animal warmth,  
Nor grew with leaves of tree-like thought.  
Back to the skeleton and rock  
I sank, reversal of a moon,  
Dying to infancy again,  
But not to the sweet childhood marrow.  
Ah ! Beyond that to the first  
Congealing of the element,  
Shrinkage of unnative ether  
Into this temporary rock  
Which Atlas for a moment holds.

So sat I for a star-life there,  
The very self of firmaments ;  
Before all knowledge, younger than thought ;  
God's innocence, if God was then.

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SUMMER NIGHT

Night was slow in coming  
As with eyes of middle-age  
We gazed at the year's young page :  
The foal at its mother nosing,  
The marsh-flowers closing  
Against a few bees humming ;  
A drunken thrush yet strong  
In his braggart song ;  
A cuckoo elusive still  
From an unexistent wood  
Dreamed of behind the hill  
At whose dark base we stood  
Both sleepy with the sun,  
Yawning for night to fall,  
And the cuckoo's last clear call,  
That lingering one  
Which dies and is blent  
From sound into scent  
Of beanfield and white  
Sensual body of night.

COMPENSATION

Bright-eyed youngster, say,  
If you can read the future,  
Will you regret to-day,  
The wild surprise of nature ;  
Birdsong, bloom, and rapture,  
And lips you dare not capture  
Yet soon will touch with your own  
And find the secret flown ?

I once was your age, truly  
Bold and shy by turn.  
I took my maiden duly,  
And found still more to learn.  
Soon gone was that sweet fooling ;  
Life brought a greyer schooling.  
Yet since that harsh betrayal  
Joy has not seemed so frail.

PADRAIC COLUM

BEFORE THE FAIR

“Lost, lost,” the beeves and the  
bullocks,  
The cattle men sell and buy,  
Crowded upon the fair-green,  
Low to the lightless sky.

“Live, live,” and “Here, here,”  
the blackbird  
From the top of the bare ash-tree,  
Over the acres whistles  
With beak of yellow blee.

And climbing, turning, and climbing  
His little stair of sound,  
“Content, content,” from the low  
hedge,  
The redbreast sings in a round.

And I who hear that hedge-song  
Will fare with all the rest,  
With thought of lust and labour,  
And bargain in my breast.

The bare hedge bright with rain-  
drops  
That have not fallen down,  
The whin-bush golden crowded—  
Nor know these things my own !



A MOUNTAIN THEME

How high the achieved fir-cones are held up  
And reached into the mist. The mist droops down,  
Encompasses, so still. The squirrels have gone.

With greater peace than is in human prayer,  
More faithfulness than is in human praise,  
These dark hieratic trees their branches raise  
And lift their burnished cones, and testify  
Of their November stillness to the sky.

How dark their greenness, as deserved sleep.  
So sleeps the woodcutter whose work is past,  
With such dream depth surrounded everywhere—  
He who all day in the up-rising woods  
Wrought bare-armed, whilst that old enchanted bird,  
King Woodpecker, alone looked down and heard  
(Bright-headed in the silver beeches rare)  
His far-off echoing axe. Till now at last  
I only, whom no mortal creature sees,  
Admitted share, in the slow-leaving light,  
The meditation of the mountain trees  
Before the winter, and before the night.

How still as sleep this universe of mist.  
Gone those fair crests, snow-pearled in flawless skies,  
Those giant kings, with cohorts of dark trees  
Climbing their unembarrassed greatness. Gone

Those chasms rent by cold torrential streams,  
And dawn-loved heights unreachable as dreams.

The mist droops down, and slow the daylight dies,  
Yet far below the unembroidered earth  
The certainty of summer sleeping lies  
Safe-stored for resurrection ; and is known  
As to a mother, brooding and alone,  
Her guarded treasure, that awaits his birth.

Your roots believe the resurrection sure,  
O still, awaiting trees, who must endure,  
Before a thousand tender buds unfold,  
The coming of the prehistoric cold.

Resistless cold, and iron ice-gray airs  
Such as the giants breathed, the empty-cyed,  
Who lived in caves, and with the fierce brown bears  
Danced naked through the night in staggering routs,  
With icicles for clubs, before Christ died.  
And only your high fir-cones and the moon  
Looked down and saw. Will you remember soon  
The echo of their cries, their barbarous shouts ?

Your very tree-trunks, like the mist, are gray.  
Yet through them, down the rocky winding way,  
Might not an old dwarf come with humpèd back,  
With beard like lichen, and a yellow hood,  
And precious jewels jolting in his sack ?

And will his eyes go searching through the wood?  
 And will he kneel beside the shelvèd crags,  
 There where the secret rotting leaves are black,  
 And then undo his little safe-tied bags  
 Of leather older than Europa's bull,  
 And peer within, and find them full? O full  
 Of green-sparked emeralds, topaz leopard-eyed,  
 Crystals like early rain and tears and pride,  
 Blue-welling sapphires, dark carbuncles found  
 In the old Toad King's palace underground,  
 And dragon-blooded rubies, and red gold,  
 All to be hidden in the rooted mould,  
 Most deeply hidden where the tall trees rise,  
 Safe from the wickedest of enemy eyes.

Till, in the fairest of fair April eves,  
 His greedy fingers grub them out again  
 Among the lily-of-the-valley leaves.  
 When who shall hear—shall not a child hear plain,  
 Who wanders in the wood when sap is springing?—  
 His old cracked voice, like Rumpelstiltskin, singing,  
 And see the wood-smoke of his little fire  
 Rise through the fir-green softly high and higher.

This is the hour when the children come  
 Each one from school to his especial home.  
 Far off they call, and chatter by the way  
 Of near-approaching wonders that they know  
 Or ponder those they have no words to say:  
 The first frail hoar-frost of a winter's day,  
 And dove-gray darkness that precedes the snow,

A night to be of falling flakes, and then  
 Eternity upon the roofs of men,  
 And even the homely haystacks coiled like nuns.  
 Then morning bright as with a thousand suns,  
 And you, O trees, uprising in a night,  
 Out of the curved loveliness of white  
 As great pagodas myriad-roofed in snow.

Or is it otherwise their quick thoughts go  
 To still more magic dream-fulfilling trees  
 Only one festival of the winter sees?  
 Strange trees, that draw no sap from earthly roots  
 To feed their red and green and purple fruits,  
 Dark, bright and lit, and dazzling to the eyes  
 And incense-smelling, as in Paradise  
 The trees of God are usually found,  
 With singing angels dancing round and round.

With legs that toil, but not with hearts that tire,  
 They, heavy-laden in the fall of night,  
 Fare-like December shepherds towards the star—  
 Up well-worn paths to where their homesteads are.  
 Their cheeks, though shrouded with mist, already bright  
 As with the smiling radiance of fire.

Remembered fire, so rarely kept alive—  
 And how can it be kept? How well they know  
 Each carries it, and that it is there, and where they go:

Ranged beehives in the eath'ered garden small,  
 The sleeping sledge, the vines upon the wall,  
 The weeing welcome of the waltz-dog,  
 The winter's wood, stored log on log on log  
 Beneath the mothering roof, the cobbles hard  
 And the brown smell of dung about the yard,  
 (That rich dark smell through which the Magi came,  
 White-bearded, wise, with jewelled cups aflame),  
 The silver water in the moss-dark trough  
 Whose liquid voice for ever, like a friend,  
 Goes talking through their dream at night. And then  
 Then with the strangeness of the mist shed off  
 They have pushed the door and found their journey's  
     end.

—O brown safe shadows, and warm light of men.

So soon they'll sit beneath the ceiling low,  
 Each with his soup in his allotted chair,  
 Shadow-surrounded, munching calm and slow.  
 And bright their faces in the orange glow,  
 And bright and warm like fruits their foreheads fair,  
 Yet behind these what is it that they know?

For deep inside each secret flower-faced head  
 There is more knowledge than of soup and bread.  
 They know the very wood-smoke of their homes  
 Rises to join the dark hieratic trees,  
 The ever-mounting trees, whose roots down grow  
 To where dwell goblins and the earth-wise gnomes,

[FRANCES CORNFORD

And where are streamers, whose voices never cease  
With the dark branches prophesying peace,  
And caves the giants roared in long ago.

And as with darkness all the valley fills,  
And as with sleep their sealed lids are lidded,  
Old thoughts come near to children, and they know  
Those ceaseless voices say : the strength of the hills,  
And we who fall asleep are his also.

ELIZABETH DARYUSH

Dark-skied November, how hast thou now turned  
To drear reflection all our glad employ !  
Chill visitor, who com'st but to destroy  
Our fruiting of contentment tardy earned,  
With thy sad look ; silent remembrancer  
Who, hand on lip, with ruthful eyes dost tell  
To hill and field and wood what know they well—  
How changéd shall they be from what they were.

Now, her vain joys repented of, each tree  
Drops first those leaves whereon the sun first shined ;  
Dulling thy steps, as by dank hedgerows twined  
With perished grace thou walk'st : now echoes thee  
Down the dim alleys of each mortal mind  
The muffled footfall of eternity.



[ELIZABETH DARYUSH

No sound hath slumbrous ocean, but beside  
Th' unalterable shores that shut her in ;  
There break the voiceless swells of her deep's tide,  
And the long musics of lament begin :  
No sight of waves' fair-serried hoist and fall  
Hath she, but where the ground's hard-carpéd floor  
Whereon she vaguely moveth, heaveth all  
To rhythmic billows her sad surface o'er-  
Chargéd, or where hath heaven's quick fluency  
Itself, for birth of billows bright, espoused  
Her slower substance : ev'n as beauty's sea  
Is but at touch of bodied baffling roused ;

For the still floods of dormant heart and mind  
Feel not, nor know, save where they hindrance find.

Tell not thy trouble to that child, the morn,  
For she'll to folly win thee unawares ;  
Nor to noon's amazon who hotly dares,  
And thy cool sanity will swift suborn ;  
Nor to the nun whose half-light hours are sworn  
To cloistral rest ; nor to her who impairs  
More than they all, with her black, blank despairs,  
The light of truth, and leaves the world forlorn.

Nay, nay, no mortal hour of pulsing sense  
Shall move thee : yet awhile let each one look  
On what's to hand, their admonitions brook,  
With every plea and plaint hold conference :  
Dismiss then feeling's counsellors, turn thence  
To thine own place, write all in wisdom's book.

Nor wall of stone, nor strongest prison bar,  
Can break the beating of my rouséd will ;  
Nor water quench its fire, nor fire the far-  
Flung warring of its floody tides distil ;  
Nor any tempest fierce do aught but fan  
Its fiercer blasts that through my being blow ;  
But how I thus can hurl me, how thus can  
Be mine own martyr, 'tis not mine to know.

Not all creation's powers can now remove,  
Nor death itself, the proud banner that flies  
Mast-nailed, the hard-lashed helm that I approve ;  
Yet ask me wherefore, for what paradise  
I've set me thus, this only can I tell ;  
That to swerve but one hair's breadth, this is Hell.

[ELIZABETH DARYUSH

Know'st thou fear, hast been brought to the fell place  
Which whoso beholds, howe'er hardily  
He stand, finds his frail nature swoon or flee,  
Breath, blood run amok ; heart fall, blench his face ?  
Know'st thou the pass where who's set must a space  
His poltroon thought grip, nor loose hold may he  
Till will has ordered all as it should be,  
Lest (God forbid) he follow foul disgrace ?

Yes, I know, I know how swift panic's fire  
Sweeps the soul's forest with wild-flaring brand,  
How wintry harm is with storm'd terror vanned ;  
But as no fruited autumn feel its ire,—  
Nay ; as Spring's full-packed buds of beauty, dire  
Frost dread, ere they break and rejoice the land.

Now the beauteous lamps are low :  
Who'll stand forth, fair light to show ?  
*I will*, said the voice I know.

Who'll be for benighted man  
A torch in his army's van ?  
*I will*, said he, *for I can*.

Who can his whole being fill  
With fire, till that fire him kill ?  
*I can*, said he, *if God will*.

W. H. DAVIES

BIRD AND CLOUD

Lord, if that Cloud still grows and swells,  
To reach the Sun at last—  
What a fine nipple she will have  
On the top of her white breast !  
And does this Blackbird, singing here,  
Upon my Sycamore bough,  
Make that his richest, summer's yarn,  
To last the season through ?  
Or is he blind to Cloud and Sun,  
And sings but from content—  
Because his body feels no pain,  
And his mind has no complaint ?

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS



THE SUCCESSFUL MAN

What shall it profit you, this sad success  
Bought with such strivings at so great a price,  
So basely peddled with what sacrifice  
Of how much honour ? Once you wore the dress  
And livery of Beauty, God's impress  
Engendered with you here from Paradise.  
How sullied now, when cold-eyed Avarice  
Peers out from swept and garnished emptiness !

You set the seal of Shylōck in your heart,  
You launched your fleet of hopes to catch the breeze  
Shylock-directed. Did you never know  
You might have made your ducats in the mart  
En-harboured all your golden argosies,  
And yet kept kindness like Antonio ?

JOHN DRINKWATER

COLUMBINE IN SPRING

It was not long ago  
You gave your word to me ;  
The bloom was on the sloc,  
And swallows took the sea.

How happy, love, were we  
One season of the snow ;  
Contented but to be,  
We had no care to know.

Now tides of April flow  
About the budding tree,  
No further faith I owe,  
And you again are free.

[JOHN DRINKWATER

PSYCHOLOGY

No sovran mood may ever hold  
A moment of our life's long wear,  
Nor may the reckoning be told  
Of all the aspects that we bear ;

But as the sun in each degree  
Tells all degrees of night and day,  
Sets as it rises, and must be  
That instant the meridian ray,

So we achieving still with fears,  
Despairing still with fortitudes,  
Tell every moment of the years  
In motley of a million moods.

THE IMMORTALS

Out of the past what sorrows rise  
If but their past be called upon ;  
But we, considerately wise,  
Leave and put by all sorrows gone.

We put them by ; we will not hear  
Their clamorous and wilful tales ;  
Out of the sad receding year  
We keep alone the nightingales.

This our salvation is, that when  
The past is reinherited,  
The joys are Alexander's men,  
The sorrows but the Darian dead.

PIKE POOL

Down Beresford Dale, on my June birthday,  
When the dipper's brood had flown,  
In sixteen-hundred-and-seventy, say,  
Charles Cotton walked alone,  
And little Dove shone upon his muse,  
All babbling bright and cool,  
When sudden the world was wild with news—  
'The Mayfly's on Pike Pool.'

And gentle verse was a thing put by,  
And the meadowcrop was grass,  
And old philosophy all my eye,  
And gold no better than brass,  
And nothing at all in the world so wide,  
If a man was more than a fool,  
Worth knowing but this on buttercup-tide—  
'The Mayfly's on Pike Pool.'

And Father Izaak, eighty and three,  
But keen as a kingfisher's wing,  
Came to the tidings, bright as a bee,  
With Cotton his son to sing  
By the dales of Dove so pretty and gay,  
Two fellows away from school,  
'We've given the world the slip to-day,  
For the Mayfly's on Pike Pool.'

ROBIN FLOWER

EVENING IN THE FOREST

All that the years can bring they have brought to-night  
And hope is quieted to memory. Years,  
Days, hours are servants to one evening hour,  
When the last sun burns redly through the trees.  
The wind falters suspended in the forest,  
Stirring no least web of the hanging webs,  
The dead leaves crackle and tingle underfoot,  
And one bird sings  
Tremblingly over and over the one same song.  
The branches spread their leaves on a grey sky,  
And the tall trees  
Stand in the ferns, each in his proper station,  
Solemnly waiting some strange consummation.



FORD MADOX FORD

## BUCKSHEE

*Poems for 'Haitchka in France*

[*Buckshee*, derived from the universal Oriental *bakschisch*, {has no English equivalent. It is a British Army word and signifies something unexpected, undeserved and gratifying. If the cook at dinner time slips three extra potatoes into your meat-can those are buckshee potatoes ; if for something you are paid in guineas instead of pounds, the odd shillings are buckshee ; if you are a little Arab boy alongside a liner and a passenger throws half a crown instead of a florin into the shark-infested water for you to dive after, the odd sixpence is buckshee *bakschisch*. Or if you have given up the practice of writing verse and suddenly find yourself writing it—those verses will be buckshee.]

## I.

I think God must have been a stupid man  
To have sent a spirit, chivalrous and loyal,  
Cruel and tender, arrogant and so meek,  
Gallant and timorous, halting and as swift  
As a hawk descending—to have sent such a spirit,  
Certain in all its attributes, into this age  
Of our banal world.

He had Infinity  
Which must embrace infinities of worlds,  
And had Eternity  
And could have chosen any other age.  
He had Omnipotence  
And could have framed a fitting world and time.

But, bruised and bruising, wounded, contumacious,  
An eagle pinioned, an eagle on the wing ;  
A leopard maimed, a leopard in its spring,  
A swallow caged, a swallow in the spacious  
And amethystine, palpitating blue :

[FORD MADOX FORD

A night-bird of the heath, shut off from the heath,  
A deathless being daubed with the mud of death,  
A moth all white, draggled with blood and dew,  
'Haitchka, the undaunted, loyal spirit of you

Came to our world of cozening and pimping,  
Our globe compact of virtues all half virtue  
Of vices scarce half-vices ; made of truth  
Blurred in the edges and of lies so limping  
They will not stir the pulse in the utterance. . . .  
From a New World that's new and knows not youth  
Unto our France that's France but knows not France,  
Where charity and every virtue hurt you,  
Oh coin of gold dropped into leaden palms,  
Manna and frankincense and myrrh and balms  
And bitter herbs and spices of the South. . . .

Because God was a stupid man and threw  
Into our outstretched palms, 'Haitchka, you.

## II. COMPAGNIE TRANSATLANTIQUE

What a dead year ! The sea  
Swings, a dull amethyst ;  
And the doves and sparrows droop  
Grey and the gulls in the mist  
On the dull wet rim of the sea.

Slowly, slowly, heavily, heavily ; dully, so dully,  
the heavens lower.  
Slowly, slowly, heavily, dully, the sands of the  
hourglass descend.  
I have neither foe nor friend ;  
I am neither erect nor stoop ;  
I am neither enslaved nor wield power.  
Will this endless day never end,  
Or this month or this year ?  
Slow, heavy, dull, drear,  
Why should they end ? . . .

The mists are riven ;  
The sea swings free.  
There's blue in the heaven  
And horns on the sea.

*I6 ! I6 !* the conches blow.

The sparrows and doves  
All follow their loves.

III. FLEUVE PROFOND

(*Nuitée à l'américaine*)

Your brilliant friend  
Brilliantly lectures me on the feminine characters  
Of my female characters.

Our striking host,  
Having strikingly struck his striking head  
Against the bottom panel of his bedroom door,  
Has been conveyed to bed  
By several combined but unconcerted efforts.

Hear how he sings . . . .

The other guests  
Dispersed among the apartments of the appartement,  
Dazedly hearing the appraisements of Elaine  
Concerning half forgotten feminines, I sit  
Beside her brilliance on the divan-edge,  
My knees drawn up to my chin in the dim light.  
We seem to be alone.

She tosses back  
Her brilliant mane and white uplifted chin.  
Long whroat ! Makes incantation with her spidery, white,  
Butterfly-moving fingers. I JUST LOATHE  
MISS WANNOP

*There,*  
Drift sounds of harpsichords,  
Of saxophones and ukuleles, drums,

You too had drawn  
Your knees up to your chin. And, motionless,  
In an unwinking scrutiny you sat,  
A cone of granite, a granite falcon,  
A granite guardian of granite Pharaohs.

The leather chair  
You'd chosen for your vigils made with you  
A cone. Egyptian, chiselled, oriental,  
Hard. Without motion. Polished, shining granite.  
Did you watch to save your dearest friend from me  
Or me from your dearest friend?

I wish they'd sing  
Another rhythm. You gaze before you.

*It must be seven. Are you all going?  
Yes, Ezra's going. Not one more hot dog!  
The Halles for breakfast.*

I LOVE YOUR SYLVIA  
SHE KEPT HIM JUMPING SHE LOATHED HIS  
VITALS  
SHE GAVE HIM THUMBSCREWS THE CALLOUS  
MEALSACK

*Yes, Marjie's going. Bill ARE you coming?*

I know why *she's* your dearest friend.

*Elaine aw COME on . . . 'Haitchka, bring her.  
Why, where's 'Haitchka? . . . She's with that writer.  
Oh, with that WRITER. Aw, with THAT writer  
She'll keep HIM rolling along.*

*Schenehaia means 'Pretty creature.'  
Schenehaia! For short 'Haitchka.'  
She'll keep him rolling along!*

IV. CHEZ NOS AMIS—

Silent in the background she  
Glowers now and then at me  
With a smouldering tigress' eye  
That does dream of cruelty.

Leopard, ounce or ocelot  
She by turns is cold or hot ;  
She is sinuous and black  
Long of limb and lithe of back.

The deep places of the mind  
She can probe and thus can find  
Every weakness, every blot,  
Every weary, aching spot.

She will scrutinise her prey  
Turn disdainfully away,  
Sinuous and dark and cold.  
Then she'll spring and then she'll hold.

Then with what a dreadful heat  
She will mangle breasts and feet  
And hands and lacerate a heart.  
. . . And then listlessly depart.

V. L'INTERPRÈTE—AU CAVEAU ROUGE

They sing too fast for you ? I will interpret.  
That aged, faded, leonine-faced carle  
In dim old tights and frayed, striped gaberdine  
Now quavers the famous sonnet. This is it :

SONNET DE RONSARD

*When you are old and dim the candles burn,  
Seated beside your fire, with distaffs, gossiping,  
And reading out this verse say : " Here's a thing !  
Ronsard m'a célébrée du temps que j'étais jeune."  
There shall be no old spinster shall not turn,  
Though half asleep above the brands that sing  
And, hearing of my name, cry : " Here's a thing !  
Ronsard extols our dame from out his urn."*

*My soul shall wander through the myrtle dust  
Of fields Elysian, thou as thou must  
Shalt bend, all bent, above the dying brands.*

*Ah, lady, seize the hour the minute flies,  
Resort thee thither where thy true love lies  
Nor wait till hail torture thy tender hands.*

You did not know I was a poet ? Few  
Possess that knowledge. I've the trick at times  
Give me the subject. I will find you rhymes.  
This Provençale, bright-checked, high stomached,  
With coal black eyes shall sing a thing. The tune  
Might make you cry if you had any heart.



[FORD MADOX FORD

PLAISTIR D'AMOUR

*Love's sweets are sweet for such a little day,  
Her bitterness shall last your whole long life.*

*The world forsook, I followed Sylvia.  
Me now she leaves to be another's wife.*

*"Whilst still the waters of this stream shall glide  
Between its banks of meadow-sweet and bracken  
'Tis thee I'll love." Thus, thus, once Sylvia cried.  
The waters flow : their verge she has forsaken.*

*Love's truths are sweet for such a little day !  
Her bitter falsehoods last a whole long life.*

Now here's your favourite she's going to sing.  
Knowing, it's said, what gentlemen prefer  
She's flaxen locked, but once was *brune fiquante*  
And Prix du Conservatoire. Poor thing, she'll write  
Her autograph on your programme if you smile at her.  
But she's a lovely voice.

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE

SHE: *Down in my father's garden sweet blooms the lilac tree,  
Down in my father's garden sweet blooms the lilac tree  
And all the birds of Heaven there nest in company.*

HE: *Where lieth my leman, blonde and warm and blonde  
is she !  
Where lieth my leman fine it is to be !*

SHE : *Down in my father's garden sweet blooms the lilac tree  
And all the birds of Heaven there nest in company,  
The quail, the speckled partridge, the turtle fair to see.*

HE : *Where lieth my leman, blonde and warm and blonde  
is she !*

*Where lieth my leman fine it is to be !*

SHE : *And all the birds of Heaven there nest in company,  
The quail, the speckled partridge, the turtle fair to see ;  
And eke my pretty stockdove sings night and day for me.*

HE : *Where lieth my leman, blonde and warm and blonde  
is she !*

*Where lieth my leman fine it is to be !*

SHE : *The quail, the speckled partridge, the turtle fair to see,  
And eke my pretty stockdove sings night and day for me.  
She mourneth for such fair ones as not yet wedded be.*

HE : *Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.*

SHE : *And eke my pretty stockdove sings night and day for me,  
She mourneth for such fair ones as not yet wedded be,  
But I have my fair husband, so mourns she not for me.*

HE : *Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.*

SHE : *She mourneth for such fair ones as not yet wedded be  
But I have my fair husband, so mourns she not for me.*

[FORD MADOX FORD

HE : Now tell me this, ah fair one, where may thy true  
love be ?

Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.

SHE : *But I have my fair husband, so mourns she not for me.*

HE : Now tell me this, ah fair one, where may thy true  
love be ?

SHE : *The fause Dutch have him taken, he lies in Batavie.*

HE : Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.

Now tell me this, ah fair one, where may thy true  
love be ?

SHE : *The fause Dutch have him taken, he lies in Batavie.*

HE : What would'ee give my fair one thine own true love  
to see ?

Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.

SHE : *The fause Dutch have him taken, he lies in Batavie.*

HE : What would'ee give my fair one thine own true love  
to see ?

SHE : *Oh I would give Versailles and Paris, that great citie !*

HE : Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.

HE : What would'ee give my fair one thine own true love  
to see ?

SHE : *Oh I would give Versailles and Paris, that great citie,  
St. Dennis, Notre Dame and the spires of my countrie,*

HE : Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.

[FORD MADOX FORD

SHE : *Oh I would give Versailles and Paris, that great citie,  
St. Dennis, Notre Dame, all the spires of my countrie,  
And eke my pretty stockdove that sings alway for me !*

HE : Where lieth my leman, &c., &c.

## VI. CHAMPÊTRE

Yesterday I found a bee-orchid.  
 But when I gave it you you never raised your eyebrows.  
 "That a bee-orchid? It's like neither bee nor orchid."  
 Was all you said. And dropped it amongst the tea-table  
 debris,  
 And went on gazing out over the lake,  
 As once you dropped my letters into a Sixth Avenue  
 garbage can  
 And went on gazing up West Ninth Street  
 Towards Wanamaker's.

## Years ago

We boys went spread out over Caesar's Camp  
 With the Channel at our backs. In the sun shone,  
 Across the strip of blue, the pink-blue cliffs of France.  
 And the wind whispered in the couch-grass  
 And in the heat of the sun the small herbs' scents were  
 pungent  
 And sweet and stirring.  
 And one of us would find a bee-orchid.  
 From fold to fold of the Downs the cry would go;  
 "A bee-orchid!" "Ho! A bee-orchid!" "Hullo!  
 A bee . . . orchid!"  
 And God promised us the kingdoms of the Earth, and a  
 corner in France  
 And the heart of an Oriental woman.

[FORD MADOX FORD

Well, here is the corner of France.

The kingdoms of the Earth are rather at a discount,  
We should not know what to do with them if we had  
them.

And you, you have no heart.

VII. RIPOSTES

What did you do in Sodom Town?  
How did you sin in Paris?

I heard the small talk rise and die down  
And thought : " Her hands are tiny and brown.  
Curse on the time that tarries ! "

What did you do twixt then and now,  
Since it is past eleven?

I heard the talk run anyhow  
And thought : " How brown and broad her brow,  
And her white teeth how even ! "

What will you do twixt now and when  
You hide 'neath carven marble?

I do not know ; but I know, then  
I'll hear you laugh with gentlemen  
With your laugh like the blackbird's warble.

VIII. VERS L'OUBLI

We shall have to give up watering the land  
Almost altogether.  
The maize must go.  
But the chilis and tomatoes may still have  
A little water. The gourds must go.  
We must begin to give a little to the mandarines  
And the lemon trees. Yes, and the string beans.  
We will do our best to save  
The chrysanthemums  
Because you like them. Then, if only another big storm  
comes  
Like the one of Saturday fortnight's  
We might just barely do it . . . So  
We may get through to the autumn.  
At any rate we are through with the season of short  
nights  
And water given at dusk will remain in the earth until  
The torrid sun and the immense north wind  
They call the mistral once again burn up the face of our  
hill.

You will find  
There will be no change in the weather now until  
October. August nearly over, the season of storms is done  
Altogether. There will be nothing but this hot sun  
And no rain at all  
Till well into the Fall.



[FORD MADOX FORD

Till then we must trust to the fruits  
Though their trees are dried down to the ends of their  
roots.

The muscats are done.

The bunch that hangs by the kitchen door  
Is the last but one.

But the wine-grapes and figs and quinces and gages will  
go on

Nearly till September.

(If you lay down some of the muscat wine-grapes on  
paper on the garret floor

They will shrink and grow sweeter till honey is acid  
beside them.)

How singular and vocal and sweet those birds' voices are.

For them we may thank the drouth.

Without it they say they never care

To come to us from their woods of the infinitely distant  
South.

I wish we could have saved more of the plants but the  
weather has tried them

Beyond their endurance. And there is no goodness in our  
land

On this side of the hill.

Even the wood has hardly enough heart to make fuel

*Though with vine-prunings in the winter days—*

When the sea below us is like ruffled satin

And the sky an infinite number of subtle greys

[FORD MADOX FORD

And the mistral sings an infinite number of lays in  
Latin—

And you crouch beside the hearth we shall manage to  
make up a blaze

To get up and go to bed by. . . . But I like the baked,  
severe, cruel

Hill with sea below and the great storms sooner or later.  
And for me

There is no satisfaction anywhere greater

Than is given by that house-side, silver grey

And very high above the sea.

With the single black cypress against the sky

Over the hill

And the palm-heads waving away at the mistral's will.

Well then :

We have outlived a winter season and a season of spring

And more than one season of harvesting

In this land

Where the harvests come by twos and threes

One on the other's heels.

Do you remember what grew where the egg-plants and  
chilis now stand ?

Or the opium poppies with heads like feathery wheels ?

Do you remember when the lemons were little and the  
oranges smaller than peas ?

We have outlived sweet corn and haricots,

The short season of plentiful water and the rose

That covered the cistern in the time of showers

And do you remember the thin bamboo canes ?

We have outlived innumerable growths of flowers,  
The two great hurricanes  
And the innumerable battlings back and forth  
Of the mistral from the Alps in the north  
And of siroccos filled with the hot breath  
—"Sirocco that man unto short madness hurrieth!"—  
From the sands of Africa infinite miles to the South.

And having so, ephemeral, outlived the herbs of the hill  
We may maybe come through the drouth  
To the winter's mouth  
And the season of green things  
And flowing cisterns and springs.

Hark at the voices of those birds in the great catalpa's  
shade  
Hard by the hole where the swifts once made  
Their nest on the rafter, thrilling all through the night.  
Singular birds with their portentous, singular flight  
And human voices. They came all the way  
Over the sea to the bay  
From Africa.  
It is only our drouth that could have lured them away  
So far from the South. It was perhaps they  
Ulysses took for the syrens calling: "Away!"  
When he took shelter here from the thunderous main.  
And perhaps we may never again  
Hear their incomparable, full resonance  
Compact of wailing and indifferent mirth

[FORD MADOX FORD

And undecipherable, honeyed laughter  
Or not on this earth under this torrid sun.  
For they say  
It is only once in a century they come this way  
In time of drouth from their cyries far to the South  
In Africa.

Or perhaps we shall hear them only after,  
All harvest gathered in and the time of all fruits being  
done,  
We—oh but not too severed in time nor walking apart—  
Shall pluck and cry the one to the other along the folds  
of Cap Brun  
“ The Herb Oblivion ! ”

For this is a corner of France,  
And this the kingdoms of the earth beneath the sun,  
And this the garden scaled and set apart  
And that the fountain of Jouvence. . . .  
And, yes, you have a heart.

VIOLA GERARD GARVIN

FROM FRANCE

You shall not so much grieve  
For missing of a heart beloved,  
As joy because that heart is still  
With your heart moved.

Look you on lavender ?  
Who stands beside you, till the air  
Is double fragrant, with the herb  
And a blessed presence there ?

Or muse by the dark pool,  
Where glimmer the tall flames of fern,  
Who steps toward you, watching too  
Those green fires burn ?

The white doves gently mourn  
Their placid sorrows, and the noise  
From the pleased air beguiles the sound  
Of his loved voice.

Prize, then, the solitude  
That rings these southern garden ways,  
If you would have love meet you  
Face to face.

Shade by your shade  
Shall front the quiet-falling sun,

[VIOLA GERARD GARVIN

Until the level night resolve  
Two into one—

—Two spirits and one flesh,  
Two bodies, but a single heart—  
How vain it is that seas contrive  
Lovers to part.

*Villa Primavera,*  
*St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat,*  
*1930.*

LOVE IN THE FOREST

Under those dark leaves  
Let them hide ever  
Where never moon shall come,  
And sun never :

Never, ah never, sun,  
With your bold spears invade  
The sanctuary  
Of that withdrawn shade—

Lest your gold panoply,  
Your glassy bells, your shield,  
Undress the truth that lies here  
Leaf-concealed.

Nor shall the virginal moon  
Thro' the pale grass advance,  
Weaving the tremulous  
Pattern of her dance—

Lest that colder music  
Lure and mislead apart  
Lover from stranger lover,  
Wished heart from heart.

Between those boughs,  
Among those leaning trees,



[VIOLA GERARD GARVIN

No bird shall flutter  
The charged silences ;

Only the grey dove peace  
With his cool vans shall move  
The still, green twilight  
Into time with love ;

And leaf and wing and silence  
Conspire to keep  
Accent and measure,  
While these, beloved, sleep.

WIENER WÄLDER

"What are these tired feet?" said the fiddler,  
"That dance and dance, though the heart-strings be  
    broken,  
And the spirit dead?"

O feet unwinged, O love with sorrow stricken,  
Why bring ye here, among these different dances,  
Your feet of lead?"

"Play fiddler," cried they only. "If love be shaken,  
His flagging wings fearing the road to death,  
What can we do, but dance your dance, fiddler,  
While there is breath?"

"You may not move to my playing," said the fiddler,  
"Thus gracelessly, thus rude.  
Wherefore attend, and let each sorrow listen  
To the plucked strings in his own solitude."

"For each of you," he fingered, "the lilac fragrance  
Of May is fragrant still. For you each June  
Burns still as white with chestnut and with jasmine  
As in the moments when love plays the tune.

For you the Danube rolls his heavenly waters,  
For you the lindens spread their perfumed shade—  
What is all life, but love?" cried the fiddler,  
"And what is death?" the fiddle said.

[VIOLA GERARD GARVIN

So the fiddler played, and these lost, these forsaken,  
Moved suddenly into dream out of all pain,  
And the summer sound of leaves cooled the hot room,  
And the consolation of rain.

MOON-RISE

Do not light the lamp yet, though dusk fall  
Dark over the land ;  
Nor draw your curtains on this sky that was  
blue,  
Whose green cadence again shall  
Resolve into blue,  
When the moon's hand  
Shines low at the casement, and she lingers,  
Delaying to close her leafy shutters, the  
trees,  
With her smooth fingers.

Soon she must hide behind them, to do off  
her gold  
Splendour of robe and crown,  
And we may not see those limbs that the  
flitting moth sees,  
Whose pale wonder glimmers cold  
As foam of the seas,  
When the moon's gown  
Falls—and lo, she dreaming in dewy grasses,  
Barefoot and bare of breast, disrobed of  
splendour,  
All splendour surpasses.

WILFRID GIBSON

## THE PEAK

✓ We sailed in sunshine ; but the glen was black  
As Tartarus with inky clouds that swirled  
In a fantastic frenzy, closely furled  
One moment round the hills, now, streaming, torn  
To ribbons, then, in bundling fleeces, whirled  
As in a witch's cauldron, leaving bare  
The jagged ranges to the pallid glare  
Of lightning ; and we heard the thunder crack  
In short sharp volleys like quick rifle-fire :  
Then once again the firth in instant night  
Was blotted out ; while still in lively light  
We sailed serenely on through the blue morn  
Towards the islands of our hearts' desire.

But, ere we lost the land, a brooding cloud  
On the horizon, suddenly the shroud  
Slipped from the shoulders of a single peak  
That soared in sunshine like a soul set free  
Of the gross turmoil of mortality :  
And, as we gazed, our hearts, too full to speak,  
Found in that vision all we sailed to seek.

## THE DREAM

He couldn't sleep—and yet he must have slept,  
Or how could he have stood there? He had kept  
His bed since he took to it years ago;  
He'd never risen from it once; and so  
It must have been in dream that he had stood  
At night within the dark heart of the wood—  
The dark heart of the middle of the night,  
Pierced only by one ray of cold moonlight,  
And all unruffled by the faintest breeze—  
Stood like a tree among those quiet trees,  
With arms outstretched like branches in the gleam—  
Like still unswaying branches, and in dream  
Upon his open hand the little bat  
Had lighted suddenly and cowered flat  
And frightened in his palm: he still could feel  
The cold wee fluttering body, and the steel  
Of those sharp flinching eyes, that glittered bright  
As needles in the one ray of moonlight,  
Still pricked him to the heart—his heart that knew,  
Even as it lighted, 'twas her soul that flew  
To him for refuge from eternal night  
Wherein she wandered, exiled from the light  
That she had always loved. . . . Again he stood  
In the dead heart of that phantasmal wood,  
A living man among cadaverous trees  
That rustled now, but with no earthly breeze,  
And strove to hold that quivering soul, and bear  
His frightened love back to the light and air  
Of living day, strove that she might regain

Her own sweet living body, strove in vain . . .  
The dead trees closed about him, rank on rank,  
Hiding the moon, and to the ground he sank,  
Sank down and down in darkness and despair . . .  
And found again that he was lying there  
In his accustomed room in the cold gleam  
Of the unclouded moon whose silver stream  
Flooded the snowy quilt : an eager breeze  
Ruffling and questing through the living trees  
Outside the open window ; and he heard  
The flutter and cheep of the first wakened bird,  
Soon with its fellows to put dreams to flight  
In a full-throated chorus of delight.

And yet that quivering soul, those frightened eyes  
Shall haunt his heart until the day he dies.



ALL SOULS

Lying awake in his lone bed,  
Somehow he did not feel alone :  
The icy aching darkness searched  
His severed body to the bone.

A cold breath prickled through his  
hair ;  
And as into the heart of fear  
He stared with sightless eyes, he felt  
That something slowly glided  
near—

Something that drew, in spite of him,  
His clenched unwilling hand outside  
The quilt ; and, as cold fingers closed  
On his, he knew his foe had died.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The low light streams  
Through the open door,  
Turning to gold  
The sanded floor.

I rise and look  
To the glowing west  
To see him come  
Over Harelaw crest ;

And as at last  
He tops the hill  
*I catch the gleam*  
Of his shouldered bill,

And know a bare  
Ten minutes more  
Should bring him home . . .  
Through the open door

The low light streams . . .  
But how should he  
Through twelve dead years  
Come back to me ?

## THE SHIFTED CHAIR

It seemed to be a chair . . . Assuredly  
It was a chair, as far as he could see  
With sleepy eyes . . . A chair? Why not a chair?  
And yet last night it surely wasn't there—  
No chair had stood beside the bed last night  
When he'd blown out the guttering candle-light.  
Who could have moved the one chair from the wall  
To his bedside, or needed to at all?  
He'd lain for hours before he'd fallen asleep  
Staring into the past : but fast and deep  
He must have slumbered, or he should have heard  
If any footstep in the dumb house stirred—  
If any foot . . . but no foot, well he knew,  
Save his, had stirred the dust for years ; and who  
Should enter the barred house at night, and there  
Sit, while he slept, beside him in a chair?  
If only it were day . . . in that half-light  
He couldn't think : 'twas neither day nor night . . .  
Yet, when he saw it first, the chair had been  
Empty . . . but now a figure, vaguely seen,  
Sat drooping in the shadow . . . Could it be—  
And after all these years? But surely she  
Had died? Beside her grave long years ago—  
Or was it yesterday, he'd watched the snow  
Fall on the new-laid turf and bury deep  
And deeper in cold drifts his heart asleep  
Beside that silent sleeper . . . And yet there  
She sat beside him slumbering in a chair.

[WILFRID GIBSON

He must lie very quiet and not stir,  
He must lie quiet and not waken her—  
Quiet . . . His eyes closed gradually, and deep  
As hers in her dark grave was his last sleep.

## FLIGHT

Slowly he labours up the sun-baked strath  
Over sparse bracken and the blackened peat  
And charred heath-stalks that crackle in the heat  
When suddenly across the scorching path  
A wide-winged shadow sweeps : he lifts his head  
And sees with eyes that tingle in the glare  
Above him hanging in the quivering air  
A golden-eagle with great pinions spread :  
And he no longer labours ; from him falls  
The burden of the day, as on wide wings  
He hovers o'er the glen and swoops and swings  
In the cool swirls and eddies of his own flight,  
Then soars, with eyes undazzled by the light,  
To where his mate from their far eyrie calls.

THE BLUE-PETER

The day has come for sailing ; and at last  
The brave blue-peter flutters at the mast.  
Too long beneath the mountains we have lain  
While winds and waters called to us in vain :  
Too long the inn has held us, and too long  
Our ears have hearkened to the tavern song.  
The time has come to quit the company  
Of those who dread the isolating sea,  
Who, slumbering through night-watches, spend their  
    days  
Carousing in the ingle's drowsy blaze :  
For what are they to us who are the sons  
Of tempest, in whose veins the salt tide runs,  
Whose pulses answer to the ebb and flow  
Of all the seas that travel to and fro,  
Whose feet have trod the shifting deck from birth  
And stumble only on the steady earth,  
Whose eyes can pierce the spindrift of the night  
And blunder blindfold in the tavern light,  
Whose hearts must ever in the throng and press  
Ache with intolerable loneliness  
Shut in by walls as in an airless grave,  
Whose home is the unvalled unraftered wave ;  
Who each within himself can only find  
In solitude the comrade to his mind  
And only in the lone sea-watch can be  
At ease at length in his own company.

[WILFRID GIBSON

The brave blue-peter flutters ; and at last  
Our souls shall ride full-railed before the blast  
Into the perilous security  
Of strife with the uncompromising sea.

LOUIS GOLDING



A PRINCE THERE WAS

A prince there was in Ireland dwelt,  
On his chaste lips not snow will melt.

Around his lips the chaffinch, thrush  
—Whenas he sang, all birds made hush.

To him young trees made genuflex,  
Flaunting flowers bent their proud necks.

Then goodly mouths and bended knees,  
Pray not for the prince of these.

For his soul intercede  
Bird on branch, rocking reed.

Green glowworms in the grass  
Shall be tapers for his mass.

[LOUIS GOLDING

## I AM WHERE THE HILLS ARE

I am where the hills are.

They know my coming.

*(Tours, poor fool ?)*

Low they crouch and draw breath.

Wind on their brows is beautiful.

They wait my coming, ears pressed back.

Foot in the stirrup ! Their broad flanks

Twitch like the sea when the moon mounts.

*(They whimper, fool ? They proffer thanks ?)*

Come, hills ! In space, to Peking come !

In time, back to Babylon !

*(And twist like a testicle*

*On one toe of his skeleton !)*

GERALD GOULD

## THE GIFT

We'll play, while yellow moonlight's shaken  
Across the dark uneasy wave,  
That somewhere there's a throne forsaken  
And the queen makes herself a slave.

We'll play, where sparkles veer and vary,  
A queen's as moonstruck as the sea :  
Slim in the darkness, hushed and wary,  
She shakes her milky shoulders free.

Down falls the rich robe, broidered, silky,  
To show that aspen loveliness ;  
Her shoulders and her thighs are milky,  
And she much brighter than her dress !

Loosed from the cage of pomp and duty,  
Rid of the gems of crown and chain,  
She queens it only, now, in beauty ;  
She sways, a wind-flower drinking rain.

What shall she wake in him who tarried,  
Day-long, for service, at her gate ?  
What ecstasy to worship married ?  
What bell to tell the hours of fate ?

Slim in the darkness, swift and fervent,  
Shy as a wild thing loosed at eve,  
She runs, a slave, to teach her servant  
The thing that he could not believe.

FRANK KENDON

## WALKING THROUGH SNOW

You will always remember this bright day of winter.  
 Silence was on the lawn,  
 Forbearance by a thousand dazzled things  
 Before the presence of the snow ;  
 For the sky had fallen softly,  
 And now lay round about the house,  
 Deep to our doors. And the whole world was changed.

In the hush, our garden did not know us ;  
 Birds were silent at their crumbs ;  
 No murmur from the laurel hedge  
 Nor sighing from the pines  
 Disturbed the morning ;  
 The turf lay buried in a bed,  
 And on the floor beneath the trees  
 Shadows coloured by the silver air  
 Slept in bright and silent shapes  
 Upon the crusted waves of snow.

But when we looked across and saw the hills—  
 Farms remote and still among their fields—  
 The wide and even pasturelands of snow,  
 White to the very sky—we could no more  
 Endure the house walls. Someone soon ran 'out  
 To scatter the powder snow,  
 And, leaving tracks across the lawn,  
 Flung the door wide, and the cold, pure air  
 Ran in to embrace us while we laughed and plunged.

Then Pam came bounding, inches deep, barking  
 Joy to be let loose, and stood still there,  
 Black against the drifts, with every nerve

[FRANK KENDON

Stretched and ready, hungry for delight.  
And suddenly the silence of the hill was broken ;  
We shouted laughter, as we ran  
Across the flats, and tumbled into drifts,  
Snatching at the dust of heaven  
In handfuls as we fell.

We were strong in the snow's goodness,  
In its whiteness innocently happy,  
Glad of virtue, and no more afraid  
Than children fear a child. So we began  
To walk and talk, to laugh and slide and throw,  
And the blood's gaiety danced in our bodies.

Down the dangerous hill we went,  
Past house and tree and gate in heaven,  
Strangely recalling earthly hills ;  
And at the doors of foreign cottages  
In those outlandish parts of time,  
Well-known housewives, looking out.  
Smiled upon us anciently.  
There was a scent of memory about,  
We called to them, we were so pleased to see them—  
We called to them, and as old playfellows  
They answered us, by name.  
Then down we ran together to the bridge,  
To touch the iron pipes with our bare hands  
For the incredible aching coldness of it ;  
We leaned over to kick snow from the ledge  
Into the rustling waters underneath ;  
We heard the pigs, and saw them in the orchard,  
Pink against the snow ;  
And harnessed horses, breathing smoke in heaven.

[FRANK KENDON

Turned their blinkered heads as they stood resting,  
To watch our rout go by,

But Pam, impatient, sitting down on snow,  
Swept it with her tail from side to side  
To call us on. And on we went  
Past Bakers farm and its black stable pond,  
Past the tinkling outfall of the well  
This side of Bockingfold, and climbed the slope  
With the snow all beaten down upon it,  
Where you could hardly stand.  
And there we waited, and there we turned,  
To lord it over the lovely valley passed.

Not a wind stirred, and not a wreath of mist  
Obscured the distances.  
High and still and far, through the glassy air,  
We saw the like of our familiar home ;  
We saw its little windows, black and square,  
Peering over the pines, the triangle  
Of snow above them, roofing them ;  
The pale shadows on snow, and the gold sunlight  
Carving all for ever and ever  
In white and crystal, out of the heavy spaces  
Of dull sky beyond.

Were we reluctant when we turned away ?  
A moment's beauty is everlasting ! All  
The solid matter of earth, that seems determined,  
There forever, heavy and dead,  
Is touched by Time, is changing, vanishing,  
It melts like snow away  
Under the rays of Time ;



[FRANK KENDON

But a chance look, a trick of colour or light,  
Of snow or wind or storm—  
Though we know not, our hearts suddenly know  
That there are certain, these the immortal joys,  
When in the taking of a breath the eternal ranges  
Of heaven stand, for our possession, still.

The snow has gone, and the hill of home is going.  
You will remember this bright day of winter.  
Stand fast ! and we will go together, home.

BRIGHT WAS THE MORNING

Bright was the morning and the day fair,  
High were the clouds that sailed the clean air,  
The land was rich and the herbage fine  
Under heaven—and the world was mine.

Thirty crops have burdened to breaking  
Boughs of trees, and gone to my making ;  
Ten thousand days, and every one  
A grain of gold from a minted sun.

I bring you the dust. I long ago knew  
That it grew for giving away ; but you  
Hid long in the world I worshipped—came  
Like spring upon winter, a thought, a flame.

O burn my pride, that mortal sin,  
My fire-sweet lover ! Let us begin  
A single search where two were of old,  
And find the beginner of all this gold.

SHALL WE STILL WRANGLE?

Shall we still wrangle,  
Struggle and cry ?  
Oh, why not entangle,  
Live life and let die,  
Together, espoused,  
Body and I.

Come, Thou ! without reason,  
Profit, or ill :  
Without need or season  
Come—without will :  
Look up and frown not !  
Ah Love, stand still !

What a wild power  
Hast thou over all !  
This earth thy flower,  
Thy nothing-at-all !  
Thou heaven thy dominion :  
Thou brain thy thrall !

Art thou the weaver  
Whose fingers shall tie  
Quiet into fever  
Contentedly—  
Thou know'st for whose secret  
Many rendle ?

SYLVIA LYND

WISTARIA

Like distant hills, like distant bells,  
The gentle, sweet wistaria trails ;—  
How tenderly they once would spread  
Their golden leaves about my head.

There, as a child, I used to sit,  
Holding a book, not reading it,  
Within a lofty balcony  
Hung with the flowers' chalcedony.

Below me was a garden green,  
Where many birds flew out and in,  
And far outspread beyond the trees  
Were London's roofs and belfries.

Near me my mother whom I loved  
About her bedroom lightly moved,  
Or stood before the mirror there  
Brushing and plaiting her long hair.

And if she sang or if she said,  
Or if she sewed or if she read,  
Her pleasure was made mine, and then  
My pleasure increased hers again.

Old songs, old fans, old gaieties,  
Old fables and embroideries,

[SYLVIA LYND

With sunny mornings, in my mind,  
And mist-blue flowers are intertwined.

And what delight would she make ours,  
The first unfolding of the flowers ;—  
Still can I see her as she stood  
Rejoicing in each cadenced bud.

Still as she stood, I see her stand,  
And stretch her white, life-giving hand  
To touch the golden tracery  
That garlanded the balcony.

Beauty was first before mine eyes  
Made manifest in such a guise ;—  
But what it was I did not guess,  
For then its name was happiness.

THE FICKLE GIRL

The princess on the glassy hill,  
Or she a swan upon a lake,  
Was not more deeply under spell  
Than I, or more, at last, awake.  
Alas, awake !

EARLY MORNING

The chaffinch speaks, and then the dove,  
Then the blackbird. This is spring.  
There they wake and talk of love.  
Here I lie, remembering.



ROSE MACAULAY

EMPTY

Silent and shut, it stands in the wood clearing,  
Bound about by briony from seeing, from  
hearing.

No sound within but the scamper of a rat,  
And in the garden, listening, a lean tabby cat.

Passion and laughter, they are all gone over,  
With the bluebell and the cuckoo, the may and  
the clover.

But the loosestrife pushes, and the ragged robins  
run

From the forest to the garden, in the August  
sun.

Emptied of anguish, and at peace from desire,  
The drowsy house basks, while the nettles push  
higher.

Is it hares loping there, or do soft footsteps pass,  
Or are kisses held like ghosts in the whisper of  
grass?

Shut heart, empty heart, thus come to the  
clearing,

Bound about by honeyed noon from seeing, from  
hearing,

Dost remember in a dream a July day

When thou shut'st the door on life, when life went  
his way?

[ROSE MACAULAY

Laughing and weeping, they are long gone over,  
With the bluebell and the cuckoo, the may and  
the clover.

Now the bindweed twines, and the tall thistles  
climb,

To blind doors and windows, in the drowsy noon  
time.

MEXICANS IN CALIFORNIA

South and south of the redwood mountains,  
    (Where the lumber rolls in rain)  
South beyond the city of the Golden Gate,  
    (Where the mist-blown streets climb steep, dip  
        straight)  
You shall suddenly meet Spain.

All down the shores of the green Pacific  
    The bastards of Cortes drift,  
Lounge on the fishing-wharves of old Monterey,  
Lade orange cargoes in San Diego bay,  
    Trap turtle, and seek shrift.

On the hot wild slopes of old California,  
    That was long since Mexico,  
Lithe among the olives, the olive trees from Spain,  
Blacker than their sires who sacked the Spanish  
    main,  
Like mountain cats they go.

What turbulent blood from two fierce races  
    Creeps in two black hot streams  
Through the body and soul of the lithe dark man,  
Through the blind dark soul of a Mexican,  
    Coiled among stealthy dreams ?

Behind and behind the Conquistadores  
And their arrogant, thieving bands,  
There stretches a long brown lazy line—  
Andalusians beneath the sun-scorched vine,  
In Spanish posedas, drinking wine,  
Their quick knives in their hands.

But out from the heart of the whispering jungle  
And the desert's pale burnt gold,  
Stalk stealthier breeds, with unswerving faces,  
Stalk the Aztec, Maya, Apache races,  
And New Spain mates with old.

What stirs in your blood, you black-eyed greaser,  
With your mocking, ware-trap air?  
What old-world, what new-world, devilries ride  
On the beat of a pulse, on the surge of a tide,  
As you pitch ripe citrons there?

## THE LAST RACE

The fires are burnt out ;  
And cold and forlorn Earth, loosed from her sun,  
Drives drunkenly down storming winds through space.  
Her last wild race  
Is all but run.  
She is a spinning tomb, who was a rout  
Of life and love and birth—  
Poor derelict lost Earth.

The bland bright stars still ride  
Their courses in the air.  
Lo, Sirius, Arcturus, Betelgeux, Atair,  
Herculis, Algol,  
Regulus and Sol,  
And all the sparkling tide,  
Mark Earth and her poor moon, how they do slide  
Down the blind steeps of space, in wreckéd pride.

But whoso from those bright worlds bends an ear  
To cold and echoless space may haply hear  
A thin far crying, as of peewits lost  
In windy wastes, or tritons tempest-tossed,  
That sound their forlorn plight,  
Piping their horns into the heedless night.  
Thus may bland Sirius hear  
Earth's reedy, frozen crying in his ear.

*Voice from Earth:*

*We reel and spin on a broken rein ;  
 We shall not ride our sun again.  
 Frozen in death all creatures lie ;  
 Only I live ; not long shall I.  
 Only I live, and thinly cry  
 To the myriad suns that I espy.  
 Whirling and blind, a flying tomb,  
 Cold death within its frozen womb,  
 On a broken rein this crazy ball  
 Rides breakneck to its last dread fall.  
 Earth's riddle and pride, the life of man,  
 Swoons in the slime where it began.  
 Back to the dark our candles dip,  
 And dreams drown on a foundered ship.*

*Oh pity and pride, the soul of man,  
 Here, in the mire where it began,  
 Reaches weak beaten hands to hold  
 Some fragment of worlds known of old.  
 In vain, in vain : that tale is told,  
 That dream is dreamed, those fires are cold.  
 Still shrilling out through time's wrecked walls,  
 Fluting and wild, man's lost voice calls.  
 Now that Earth's loosed and on the run,  
 What potent, what tremendous sun,  
 Seeing her spin down the cliffs of space,  
 Will check that steep and headlong race,  
 Hold her for one brief reeling hour  
 In the flying circle of his power ?*

[ROSE MACAULAY.]

*Of a myriad suns, what sun will heed  
A runagate planet in her need?*

Sirius, Arcturus, Betelgeux, and Atair,  
Herculis, Mira, Sun,  
Mark how wrecked Earth and Moon do blindly run  
Down the steep slopes of vasty night, to where  
Planets make end, their crazy courses done.



## READING-ROOM

Soaked in the stream of a honey-hued dream lies a wheel  
that turns not round.

Its spokes ray out like the sunflower's, and fast to them are  
bound

(Close as bees that sip from the one cup's lip) the grave  
young, the ageless old,

Ethiop, Nordic and Aryan, under a dome of gold.

Slow, slow they ride on the warm still tide of the flowing  
weight of hours ;

They sigh for breath, as if stifled in a hot-house of  
flowers ;

They melt, sudorous, in a domed hot-house, or a warm  
aquarium,

Their dream stabbed but by the pattering of those that  
go and come,

Threading their way between J and K, patient and  
pale and dumb.

The wheel's vast rim shines rubily dim as wine in golden  
flasks ;

At its hub brood the benign goblins, giving to whoso  
asks

So lavishly that each sipping bee lies satiate and clings  
Drunk to his spoke, and drowsily to him the wheel  
sings—

“ Oh, I do not spin time's walls within, nor turn in  
eternity ;

I lie fathoms deep, like a star-fish asleep, on a reef  
beneath the sea.”

## UNDERGROUND

A sultry, small, perpetual breeze drives, sickly-sweet and  
 warm and thin,  
 Charged with ozone and oxygen, like to a wind from  
 summer seas,  
 Down smooth white grooves all roseate with gaudy tints  
 of tropic flowers,  
 Down shining lanes gay as the bowers of merry moles,  
 and decorate  
 With red-lipped maids and azure woods and storied  
 rhyme and pictured tale  
 Of brilliant, hectic things for sale, and pantomime, and  
 wondrous foods.  
 Did e'er such gay and lovely holes lie tunnelled deep  
 beneath grey skies ?  
 These lanes would sure be paradise for a king plutocrat  
 of moles.

*Like the morning sea running up a river-bed  
 The tide drives in.  
 It surges and brims stormily  
 With a goblin din,  
 As of wrestlers wrestling for places  
 Where few places are ;  
 And the guardian gnomes chant " right down  
 The centre of the car."*

The upper world is all forgot : these are the people of a  
 dream,  
 Flowing like fish on a strong stream through deep pale  
 caves where suns are not.

[ROSE MACAULAY

These are a people wild and dumb, and two things only  
do they know—

Whence they come and whither they go ; but why they  
go and why they come

Or why they e'er should move at all, is hidden from  
their clouded eyes

That stare aloof, in chill surprise, on others following the  
call.

*Like the night sea ebbing down a river bed*

*The tide drives out.*

*There struggle up from the deep channels*

*A motley rout.*

*They walk like men in a world of men,*

*And forget the dim stream*

*Whereon they flowed through the earth's dark heart,*

*Like fish in a dream.*

The smooth walls glimmer round and white : the tides  
are ebb'd, the seas are gone.

The small warm wind blows on, blows on, moving alone  
in an empty night.

HUGH MACDIARMID

CHARISMA AND MY RELATIVES.

*To William McElroy*

No' here the beloved group ; I've gane sae faur  
(Like Christ) yont faither, mither, brither, kin  
I micht as weel try dogs or cats as seek  
In sic relationships again to fin'  
The epopteia I maun ha'e—and feel,  
    Frae elsewhere, owre me steal.

But naewhere has the love religion had  
A harder struggle than in Scotland here  
—Which means we've been untrue as fechters even  
To oor essential genius—Scots, yet sweer  
To fecht in, or owre blin' to see where lay,  
    The hert o' the fray.

We've focht in a' the sham fechts o' the world.  
But I'm a Borderer and at last in me  
The spirit o' my people's no' content  
Wi' ony but the greatest enemy,  
And nae mair plays at sodgers but has won  
    To a live battlegrun'.

A fiercer struggle than joukin' it's involved.  
Oorsels oor greatest foes. Yet, even yet,  
I haud to " I " and " Scot " and " Borderer "  
And fence the wondrous fire that in me's lit  
Wi' sicna barriers roond as hide frae'ts licht  
    Near a'body's sicht,

And cry " as weel try cats or dogs as seek  
In sic relationships again to fin'  
The epopteia " that, yet f'und, like rain  
'Ud quickly to the roots o' a' thing rin,  
Even as the circles frae a stane that's hurled  
In water ring the world.

Sae to my bosom yet a' beasts maun come  
—Or I to theirs—baudrons, wi' sides like harps,  
Lookin' like the feel o' olives in the mooth,  
Yon scabby cur at whom the gutter carps,  
Nose-double o' the taste o' beer-and-gin,  
And a' my kin.

And yet—there's some folk lice'll no' live on.  
I'm ane o' them I doot. But what a thocht !  
What speculations maun a man sae shunned  
No' ha'e until at last the reason's brocht  
To view acceptable, as the fact may be,  
On different grun's, to them and me.

TO LENIN<sup>1</sup>

Few even o' the criminals, cravens, and fools  
 Wha's voices vilify a man they ken  
 They've cause to fear, and are unfit to judge  
 As they're to stem his influence again,  
 But in the hollows where their herts should be  
     Foresee your victory.

Churchills, Locker-Lampsons, Beaverbrooks, 'll be  
 In history's perspective less to you,  
 And them, than the centurions were to Christ  
 Of whom, as you, at least this muckle's true :  
 " Tho' pairtly wrang he cam' to richt amang's  
     Faur greater wrangs."

Christ's cited no' by chance, or juist because  
 You mark the greatest turnin' point since him,  
 But that your main redress has lain where he's  
 Least use, fulfillin' his sayin' lang kept dim  
 That whasae followed him things o' like natur'  
     'Ud dae—and greater !

Certes nae ither, if no' you, 's dune this.  
 It maitters little. What you've dune's the thing,  
 No' how't compares, corrects, or complements  
 The work o' Christ that's taen owre lang to bring  
 Sic a successor to keep the reference back  
     Natural to mak'.

<sup>1</sup> From "Clann Albann," a work in progress.

Great things ha'e aye taen great men in the past  
In some proportion to the work they did,  
But you alane to what you've dune are nocht  
Even as the poo'ers to greater ends are hid  
In what's ca'd God, or in the common man  
    Withoot your plan.

Descendant o' the unkent bards wha made  
Sangs peerless through a' post-anonymous days  
I glimpse again in you that mightier force  
Than fashes wi' the laurels and the bays  
But kens that it is shared by ilka man  
    Since time began.

Great things, great men—but at faur greater's cost !  
Gin first things first had had their richtfu' sway  
Life and Thocht's misused poo'er nicht ha' been ane  
For a' men's benefit—as still they may  
Now that through you this mair than elemental force  
    Has f'und a clearer course.

Christ said : " Save ye become as bairns again "—  
Bairnly eneuch the feck o' us ha' been.  
Your work needs men : and its worst foes are juist  
The traitors wha through a' history ha' gi'en  
The dope that's gar'd the mass o' folk pay heed  
    And bide bairns indeed.



As necessary, and insignificant, as death  
Wi' a' its cruelties in the cosmos still  
The Cheka's horrors are in their degree ;  
And 'll end suner ! What maitters't wha we kill  
To lessen that foulest murder that deprives  
Maist folk o' real lives ?

For now in the flower and iron of the truth  
To you we turn : and turn in vain nae mair.  
Ilka fool has folly eneuch for sadness  
But at last we are wise and wi' laughter tear  
The veil of being and are face to face  
Wi' the human race.

Here lies your secret, O Lenin, yours and oors.  
No' in the majority will that accepts the result  
But in the real will that bides its time and kens  
The benmaist resolve is the poo'er in which we exult  
Since naeboddy's willingly deprived o' the good,  
And least o' a' the crood !

F. O. MANN

## AFRICA

Nude in tremendous bronze, superb she stands  
 And bears in patient eye the burdened lands ;  
 Her ebon babe, new born, in slumber pressed  
 Close to the glistening sculpture of her breast ;  
 Pathetic, one, her own of all the horde,  
 From Afric's sweltered loins diurnal poured  
 With each gross seminal light in fiery flood,  
 Heaving the procreant silt and slime and sudd.  
 Her little shade, hard jet, islands her feet :  
 Dark Cybele she stands in a white waste of heat.

Crystalline clear, bathed in the terrible calm  
 Of tropic noonday, framed in splintering palm,  
 She sees the straw-built village ; there through days,  
 Drugged sick with dreadful gods, the headman prays  
 Against the wrath to come ; or, drawn apart  
 In secret counsel to the sinister heart  
 Of his mud palace, with suffusing eye  
 Deems bloody doom capricious ; whispering sly,  
 The white-robed elders urge the dark conclave.  
 Stooped by the doura patch, she sees the slave  
 Paddle the earth ; about the village well  
 The women loiter and their pitchers tell  
 With dry and rattling chatter ; doorways hint  
 Their coal-black shadow with the saffron glint  
 Of lurking eyeballs ; children dusk the gleam  
 With shadowy shimmer, as across a dream  
 Of broad bright burning thin regardless motes ;  
 Naked and swift, and shy as stringéd notes

Struck, pausing, one by one, from tree to tree,  
From hut to hut they startle stealthily.

Beside the unsourced, the old oracular Nile  
She sees mimosa woods wave mile on mile  
In odorous leafage. There at fall of night  
The watering sparrows in innumerable flight  
Smear broad in smoke, low down the reeking skies ;  
There will the dancers to the late moonrise  
Twirl faster frenzies round the ritual fire  
Or coloured lanterns, and in raucous choir  
Reiterate that last tremendous word,  
Sole by the all-presiding Genius heard ;  
The gongs crash out, the tusk horns hoot and blare,  
The spear shafts thud and thick the tortured air ;  
Intenser tom-toms suffocate and boom  
Insaner rhythm. Deep-hid jungle gloom  
Gibbers with hairy apes ; all things of fight,  
Of claw and fang and blood, convulsed in fright,  
Stampede in headlong herds the screaming night.  
Shrivels the moon and antres far and near  
Admit th' ancestral pain and groan in giant fear.

She gazes still. Packed in her patient eyes  
All the large horror of the landscape lies ;  
Stream, forest, waste and fell, twice-prisoning girth  
Of melancholy skies and ominous earth,  
One vast combined foreboding, tensed t'await,  
Still, still the delaying fall of some stupendous fate.

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS

## THE CLOTHES CHEST

In my house of granite stone,  
Where on moor I lived alone,  
By the bed whereon I died  
See my clothes chest gaping wide.

My flannels, changes, shoes and hose,  
My hat with handsome velvet bows,  
See them spread all ways about  
For greedy hands to parcel out.

When I lived then I had rest,  
I locked my door, I locked my chest,  
My sister nor my brother's wife  
Darkened my kitchen all my life.

Now I am stiff, now I am dead,  
Arms a-kimbo round my bed  
They two are wrangling for the sheet  
Laid on my unprotesting feet.

My brother's wife against her side  
Warms the chemise that was my pride,  
Round her great hips beneath her coat  
My sister ties my petticoat.

If I could rise, if I could speak,  
I'd curse the blood from my sister's cheek  
And these dead hands to this dead breast  
Would snatch again all I possessed.

CORNISH RHYMES

I. GRANDMA

Grandma's gone a-visiting,  
A-visiting to-day ;  
Put on her gown that's flowered and silky,  
" And now," says she, " the girls must milky,  
The serving-maid must meat the pig,  
The little lad bring round the gig,  
For I'm going a-visiting,  
A-visiting all day."

Grandpa's home a-worrying,  
A-worrying to-day ;  
" Though missus be a treasure, she  
Is over fond of pleasury,"  
Says he, " these flighty ways don't do  
In women folk of seventy-two,"  
So Grandpa's home a-worrying,  
A-worrying all day.

II. MR. BENNY

“ I’ve been wronged,” said Mr. Benny.

“ I loved a maid as fair as any,  
I had a cot to house her in,  
I bought a mangle and a bin  
And spent more gold than I belonged  
To spend on any woman’s whim—  
Yes, I’ve been wronged.

“ There came a chap from up along  
Was calling apples two a penny,  
He brought her neither house nor store,  
He filled her apron and no more,  
I was old, he was young,  
~~He caught her with his bits of song—~~  
And I’m alone,” said Mr. Benny.

|



THE CAGE

They are not thick, those bars—

Yet there you lie  
With small grave eye  
Brooding glassily,  
While your heavy paws  
Uncurl their claws  
Lazily,  
And your tail half twitches, then  
Falls again.

Across those bars the people stream  
In black confusion, till they seem  
Like tangled thoughts that blur in dream,  
You heed them not—you watch the dream.

Then spread  
Immeasurable spaces,  
Vast trees, garmented  
With moonlight, places  
Of creeping shadows, scents of blood  
By dark water, where the flood  
Glitters with monster stars, and you  
Are crouching, quivering, bounding through  
The illimitable spaces—  
You with eyes  
Like yellow daggers, you with claws  
Like curled scythes, you with paws

Like pounding hammers, slantwise  
Striking to kill. You  
Free, intent,  
Unaccountable, magnificent,  
Bounding through  
The illimitable spaces !

Black and white the people stream  
Across the slim, stiff bars, and seem  
Distinct as thoughts that wake from dream.

And you  
Uncurl your claws lazily  
And blink your grave eyes sleepily  
And yawn as there were nought to do.

And yet they are not thick, those bars——

PRODIGAL

Now he stands among the pigs, the pigs that have  
their ears  
Wet with the swill in the trough, and the only sound he  
hears  
Is their loud guzzling and champing and sudden  
squealing, and all about  
His feet are the dripping mouths and muddy bellies ;  
with pushing snout  
They thrust upward against his slopping buckets and  
lest he sprawl  
Among them, he clouts back the bristly heads—poor  
prodigal.

And sick with hunger he remembers his father's house—  
the days  
Of graciousness and kind companionship and clean ways,  
And he cries : “ I will go home, home and fall at my  
father's feet ! ”  
But now he has neither shoes for the journey, nor wine  
nor bread to eat,  
And here are the husks at least and a shelter at night-  
fall,  
And his father's house is many days' journey—poor  
prodigal.

So with the sour smell in his nostrils, he washes his  
buckets again  
In the slimy ditch down by the iron fence where the fields  
drain ;

[RUTH MANNING-SANDERS

And at night, with his feet in the mire, he drives his pigs  
to sty,

And close to their slab, grunting bodies he makes him a  
bed to lie

On a litter of straw, where he may sleep and remember  
not at all

The far, sad beauty of his father's house—poor prodigal.

HAROLD MONRO

CLOCK

When first you learn to read a clock  
That moment you are in a snare,  
Doomed for the rest of life to stand  
A victim to that patient hand.

The large round eyes of time begin to stare ;  
The voice of time,  
With tick and tock,  
Beats like a heart against your ear.

Now all the clocks form close about,  
And from the middle of that ring  
You crane to find one passage out  
In horror what their time may bring.

And is there no escape outside the circle  
Where everything you do is overlooked ?

I'd like to stare them through the eyes,  
And see beyond that moony dial :  
For backward from the axis of a clock,  
Like gossamer at first,  
Tight-bracéd strands, and cords becoming chains,  
Lead, climb, and spread themselves away in space ;  
So It, their intimate converging place,  
Acquires gigantic intricate communions,  
Copious relation to forces beyond forces,  
(Cool and placid though it look).

II

Away and away beyond it, range on range,  
In all their tortuous elemental courses,  
The hidden worlds pursue their time and change ;  
Are, and then are no more,  
Then are again—while we,  
Crouched near their ticking dials, faintly guess,  
And, as when listening to a far-off ocean,  
Hear more, hear less,  
Then often not at all,  
And visualize the foamy green commotion  
Of the great roaring waves that break and fall.

## COUNTRY RHYMES

### I. COMPANIONS

Our home in England must be filled with oak,  
Carved in large form, and shining in the gloom.  
From five to seven logs will light the room,  
Where three or four companions talk and smoke,  
Or dream, and wonder how the world began,  
And why; and we will listen while you tell,  
According to that tale you love so well,  
Utopian happiness for final man.

### II. THE WALK

To-day the hills look dry and green.  
The wind is cool, and we will walk.  
Bring all the dogs. We shall have been  
Ten miles, when, at the dusk, we come  
Back to the honeysuckled home,  
Where after supper some can doze, and some  
By that red inglenook can think and talk.

### III. EVENING

Come to the ocean. Let us brave the wind  
Along the plain. Oh, step by step, we hear  
The rolling roar more clearly. Now, how clear  
Each separate wave. Pray, carry in your mind



[HAROLD MONRO

That old refrain. For you will sit and think  
This evening by the fire, or talk and drink ;  
And then you must repeat it in your head,  
Before you sink  
Into a doze sea-given, and we pass  
(Laughing to hear you snore) another glass.

BLURRED ETCHING

Incredible. So near to paradise.  
Time ; Death ; halt ! Oh, what gardener has been here ?  
Are the trees conscious ? Are they, even, wise ?  
Do they know Adam when he wanders near ?  
He touches them. They answer through the lake.  
They love the wind that leans to comb their leaves.  
When a bird sings, then all its feathers shake,  
And yet when Adam thinks the garden grieves.  
(He should not give unconsciousness a name.)

No sound. Low wind. Still water. . . . Then a man  
Under the weeping willow roughly came,  
And idly kicked an empty old tin can  
Into the lake, but only to the fright  
Of one lank swan who wanders, lonely, white.

[HAROLD MONRO

## THE HURRIER

O furrowed plaintive face,  
No time for peace ?  
Your grim appointment will not wait ?  
No, our great earthly clock  
Ticks through your spine, and locomotion wags  
An angry tail.  
Quick, do not miss the toiling trailing tram.  
Hurry, or you are lost, for anywhere  
Hunger may lurk and leer.  
You may have been elected, mid so many,  
To be his prey,  
Even to-day.  
On horned imagination drive your limbs.  
It will need your whole life to be at peace :  
Then all appointments cease.  
But now you neither have the time for death,  
Nor time conveniently to draw your breath.

WINTER OCEAN

One by one, waves, on hinges of the sea,  
Curl, rolling slow to break, their cool water over ;  
Green, formal, large, they flog the bitter beach.

Low as the gulls wing over gurgling foam,  
Still their high cry will fill a long lull,  
While white spume hisses, and bright pebbles roar.

Red, hard, hot, the sun on the water,  
Measures a cold crisp line to the shore

And low as the lean long ray, turning lemon now,  
Gleams, yet a longer softer ray, nearly seen,  
Sounds from the foghorn, melancholy, droopful,  
    ing every minute between waves, between.

T. STURGE MOORE

[T. STURGE MOORE

## A TORRENT

*To Julien P. Monod*

### I

O polished volume of live force, now pure  
Skylight to cool dwelling under rock,  
Now hurling back the sun, wanderer sure  
To find the easy path, wizard to mock  
Boulder and cliff with an inverted double,  
Complete a globe beneath each doméd bubble !

Of cherished countenances safely best,  
O friend in tune whenever gaze fix thine,  
Perfect to watch, listen to, dip in, rest  
Beside ; man's semblance by thy beryl fine  
Imbided, has stained thee, most unlike us, our  
Crystal accomplice of a wasted hour !

Thou merely art what was not here before ;  
With naught thou dost present wilt tarry, though  
Long with duped eyes, we on such picture pore.  
Thy clarity like poem cloaks its flow  
In images it momentarily possesses,  
Then glides athwart hot slab, to soak those cresses ;

Wends on still widening with distance hence,  
Less and less like haunt of that perplexed ghost  
Whose eyes were searched by mine with inference  
That one thought lit both pairs—so like almost

[T. STURGE MOORE

As half to half !—yet knew one false, one real,  
Since but in one there lodged a ' Me ' to feel.

Yet every soul quite conscious of its act  
Knows it doth pass like thee through all it seems,  
Invisible, impalpable, a fact  
Distinct from substance, form, discourse or dreams,  
Though warp unto them all, a flowing mirror  
Untarnished by their waywardness or error.

Free from regret—how foreign to remorse !—  
Clean as wind goes through a cerulean sky  
No image holds thee back, the clung-to corse  
Of anxious bliss, so loved it had to die :  
Does flow like thine, yet purer, float the gleaming  
Galaxy over towns where men lie dreaming ?

Nightly the stellar navies drift through space  
Long pendent through time—in time, which avails  
As for reflection water's eager face :—  
Time that ne'er hurries, pauses not, nor fails,  
Yet in containing consciousness doth quiver  
The sourceless, mouthless section of like river.

Each moment is ; those flown—to come—are not ;  
I am, who, boy and babe, no more exist  
Than in thy pool yon imaged tree has got  
Sap, bark or branched thicket to resist  
My plunge through it. Past, future, both are clearly  
Time but not real like ' now ' which seems more nearly

Ours, between hope and memory aloof  
As women from a shy young lover's ache  
Till his elect put nearness to the proof,  
When days unwind like silk, till hours awake  
Hallucinate, till sun warm halls of slumber. . .  
Crowned are more wishes than he cares to number !

Intense with graded emerald, thy bath  
Of liquid vigour churns and toils, while deep  
With organ-echo the scarp-hollow's laugh  
Prolongs so, mortals pale, then, fall asleep :  
Such mirth outwears our hearts, riot eternal,  
It stands off from us like the vault supernal.

Still tarns, that shine like eyes athrill at song,  
Swing round the poles and round the sun forge too,  
And furrow ether with the solar throng ;  
Rest, they like thy race-channels never knew :  
So is my forehead, rigid while I ponder,  
Carried through space, yet teems with far off wonder :—

As when, with frolic mane, steeds, I conceive,  
Trace elegant curved courses singly and  
Anon, stampeded in close pack, will leave  
Mud patterned as where ripples ebb from sand,  
Under the faded evening vivid only  
As thou art over twilights chill and lonely.

Thy surface, as, to it, a midge's skin,  
Were coarse compared with web on which the whole  
Tremendous multiplicity must win



[T. STURGE MOORE

Vast figure from each instant and each soul :  
So thy pool paints the hills upon cloud sailing  
Beneath my feet disparate for their scaling.

In exile, mindful of pure altitudes,  
Coiling thy radiant loops through leagues of fen ;  
Supple as gentleness that deft eludes  
The searing temper of dejected men,  
Thou smilest—any brute, who will, may woo thee ;  
Reserve and bounty both are native to thee !

Have kind hearts cognizance of cruel deeds ?  
Can eloquence divine narrate despair ?  
Yea, and sweet life on dying creatures feeds ;  
Fierce jars and rumblings are absorbed in air,  
Where silence grows more lovely by their rudeness ;  
Then, evil may be soluble in goodness.

An unexhausted fountain of fresh hope,  
To that my thought has climbed considering thee,  
Tumultuous well, that underhill could grope,  
Here, to hail light with copious energy ;  
Thus through the buried porous past, there flushes  
Jubilant power that toward the future rushes.

Has it a goal ? and thou, is thine the sea ?  
—“ Hush, madman, hush, or thou wilt drop life’s  
thread !

All those who dared to think an end need be,  
All whom continuance ceased to charm, are dead ! ”  
O intimate wisdom out of limpid being !  
Eloquence fluent and direct as seeing !

Voice meet for Silence if she yearn for speech !  
 Pulse to this mountain fort of solitude  
 Immaculately lodged far out of reach  
 Of all by whom thou art not understood ;  
 Endlessly vanishing, thine essence, never  
 Stale, kisses Beauty fond farewell forever !

II

Ah, might each instant be a kiss  
 As Beauty ever counts them, for  
 In her perfection dwells such bliss  
 Continuance only makes it more !  
 Without alarm, without regret,  
 She leans from *now* into *not yet*,  
 So t'ward deep water naiad slopes,  
 Shoots out of depth, with push of toe,  
 And, trailing comeliness, aglow  
 Launches her smile to follow Hope's,

Braves the vast cold unplumbed abyss,  
 Shudders from heel to nape, then swims  
 With lengthy placid stroke and is  
 Completely tranced through mind and limbs ;  
 No fleck of doubt, no hint of fear  
 Troubles an eye like a glad tear  
 Filled with diminutive azure noon :  
 And every foundered soul conceives,  
 Watching the dazzling wake she leaves,  
 How even life at poise were boon !

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

AFTER CHURCH

“Who was that poor old dame, so white and weak,  
So bowed, and the world so dead to her?  
Was it not kindness lost?—and I heard you speak,  
I wondered what you said to her.”

“Nothing—she is my Mother, my Mother who died  
Years ago—three years ago.  
Only on Sunday I see her—walk by her side—  
No no, you could not know.

She does not hear me—she takes my arm to her door—  
Infinite comfort, infinite pain—  
She does not know me—just as it was before,  
Just—till she dies again.”

ROBERT NICHOLS

SONGS FROM *DON JUAN THE GREAT*

I. DON JUAN'S SONG

Who in this world-bordello  
Fancies his pot and punk, sir,  
Come let him roar beside his whore  
And be, as we are, drunk, sir !

Who sits at the feet o' truth, sir,  
But learns his desperation ;  
Turn the hag out, swill, spew and spout,  
And be wise in your generation !

Who thinks to bed with Beauty  
Will soon be nicely jockeyed ;  
Go scour the Gut, a common slut  
Will save both pains and pocket !

To fear the Powers Invisible  
Shows excellent sense I trow, sir ;  
But why delay for the Judgement Day  
When we can enjoy hell now, sir ?

Hell be it then, my hearties !  
Stand up you, sir, and ma'am you :  
A grateful toast to our princely host—  
I give you the Devil, damn you !

II HARLOTS' CATCH

Once on a time I used to be  
The Patriarch Abraham's pet Flea,  
Over his heart he nourished me

*Hip, hop !*

Often he thrust his hairy phiz  
And most remarkable proboscis  
Into his breast for conferences,

*Hip, hip, hip ! Hop, hop !*

Quoth Abraham " Full well I wot  
I labour, wife, but you do not.  
How shall I get a son, old trot ?

*Hip, hop !*

Snapped Sarah " La !—take my advice :  
Go ask that Flea you find so nice,  
Do what he bids and don't think twice."

*Hip, hip, hip ! Hop, hop !*

" Come, Little Comrade, what do you bid ? "  
Said I " I marked, while you two chid,  
One who kept a smile half hid."

*Hip, hop !*

Then Abraham " What ? why ? When ? who ? "  
And I " I'll tell, if what you do  
And where you go, your Flea may too."

*Hip, hip, hip ! Hop, hop !*

“ Come, Little Friend, proceed, proceed ;  
My case is very hard indeed—”

Chirped I “ Abe, did you never heed,

*Hip, hop !*

How softly Hagar’s eyelids sink

When by your bed she pours your drink ? . . . ”

The Patriarch gave a mighty wink,

*Hip, hip, hip ! Hop, hop !*

Then “ Ha-ha-ha ! and Ho-ho-ho !

Bravo, my Little Friend, bravo !

Hop-skip-and-jump and away-we-go ! ”

*Hip, hop !*

All night in Paradise I dwelt,

How dainty sweet each arbour smelled,

The things I saw ! The things I felt !

*Hip, hip, hip ! Hop, hop !*



HERBERT E. PALMER

## HYMN TO PROPITIATE SATURN

With these offerings, O Saturn,  
I kneel low before thee,  
Thou bright god of Order,  
Laws, social and natural,  
And exuberance firm schooled.

The seasons' swift stallion  
Of love and rebellion  
By thee is free ridden,  
Yet bridled and chidden.

O ! benevolent thy glance is,  
And honourable thy lance is,  
Thou god of the sun-land.

In thy robes of bright saffron  
Lit with daffodils of the Springtime,  
In thy cuirass of brass  
Thou standest before me  
Envisaging Heaven's glory.  
I kneel and adore thee.

O ! ever and now  
For the need of sad singers  
Life flakes from thy fingers,  
Tremulous and aflash as  
The lush grass and flowers  
Of the summertide hours,  
Thou valorous god !

I bring thee my lyre,  
Thou god of barn and byre,  
Of the brown land, and green land,  
And high purple moorland.

I bring thee blue flowers,  
As blue as thy blue eyes,  
Thou plunderer of far skies ;  
Forget-me-nots they are,  
Thou potent and healing star,  
Thou belovéd of the Sun, Saturn !

I bring thee cider and sweet milk,  
And sliced cheese as smooth as silk,  
Thou god of thatched cottages  
And lovely manor houses,  
Of all that the burnished mind yields  
Into graceful architecture of the fields,-  
To shame our architecture in defeat,  
Those machine-houses that flout the wheat.

And here are the ears of wheat  
Fallen ripe from my shears,  
So dear to thee, Saturn,  
Even those that I would eat  
Out of thy hands,  
And for thanks kiss thy feet,  
When thou hast rubbed them for me, Saturn !

COUNSELS OF COURAGE

When you would put your back to the wall  
And the wall's an abyss,  
When there's no hope in you at all  
And the feet and hands grope amiss,  
Say, "By some small thing I'll accomplish all things  
And evade this dire tomb ;  
For he that wills it, O everyone that wills it  
Can rear fortalice and break doom."

Then plant two fingers low in the soil  
And fling a pebble up in the blue,  
Cut a grass blade for a spear's foil,  
And softly sing a stave or two ;  
Say, "By this small thing I achieve all things  
And free me harried and enslaved,  
For he that wills it, O everyone that wills it  
Shall assuredly be saved."

Then the Divinity that is Man's high dower,  
Placed deeply within him and round about,  
Out of the abyss shall raise an arm'd tower  
And out of the darkness a shout,  
And out of the tower shall send a strong wall  
To flank him thus beset ;  
For he that calls on God with the Will's call  
The Sky does not forget.

[HERBERT E. PALMER

## JOHN SMITH

John Smith hammered blithe at his stithy  
On fenders and tongs.  
And the men who'd disowned him cried, "Prithee  
Peace ; hence to Earth's throngs."  
All Vanity Fair, passing, sang as it tripped on Life's way,  
"Come along to green gardens, Old Bellows, and trifle  
and play."

John Smith raised the sparks at his stithy  
Hammering swords ;  
And those singers hurled stones at him, "Prithee  
Cease ; kneel to Earth's lords."  
But fingers crept out from the mountains, and waters,  
and sky,  
And picked up the dingers of steel ; and those thwarters  
passed by.

. . . . .

John Smith watched in Death on the Mountains  
Far over Earth's throngs.  
There was blood in the rivers and fountains  
By rightings of wrongs.  
But Hope ruled the glades, and Fairplay the uncumbered  
highway ;  
He had smithied the blades of God's Might, and  
weaponed His Day.

ALAN PORTER

THE DRY HEART

When the sun passed, who poured around  
Comfort over the barren ground,  
At whose divine and peaceable gaze  
Earth flowered in beauty and shone with praise,  
When death had stolen the brave sun  
The land was bitterly alone.

And I can swear (for it was I  
Whose blooms unseasonably die,  
Whose garth is perishing with frost,  
Whose ancient, loving sun is lost)—  
I swear the sun is blood-bereft  
And weeps for the dear land he left.

I saw the phantom of the sun,  
The white, the cold, the miserable,  
The empty phantom of the sun.  
This phantom, evil and malign,  
The husk and absence of the sun,  
The accurst and the inconstant moon,  
Told me a glozing and a lie.

This phantom told me that the sun  
Was never wedded to my soil  
But spread an equal and bright love  
On other lands ; and other lands  
Flower in the sun and laugh with flowers.  
I know this fable is a lie,

[ALAN PORTER

The round and miserable disk,  
The empty moon is the sun's ghost :  
The sun is dead.  
I see it like a heart grown dry.  
The sun is dead.  
If it is cold in this grey land  
And if the moon above is cold,  
If all the Arctic of the sky  
Looks down on the Antarctic earth,  
I know the sun himself is dead  
And nothing of the ancient warmth  
Stirs in the dying universe.



HERBERT READ

## SIMILITUDES

### I. TIME REGAINED

he limbs remember blood and fire :  
a hurt that's done may in the mind  
sink and lose identity ;

for the mind has reasons of its own  
for covering with an eyeless mask  
marks of mortality.

The limbs remember fire and joy  
and flesh to flesh is benison  
of entity ;

but the mind has reasons of its own  
for circumventing life and love's  
sodality.

II. TECTIFORM

In this extensive gloom  
foxes nest  
under concrete ashlar

fallen like broken blades  
half-in half-out  
the tangled rusty steel

A raven rides  
the roof-tree settling down  
(angle of 63)

ends flexed gaunt  
like accents  
over the white eyes of gutted sheds

A fox runs  
over the vivid quitch burying  
banks of black encaustic soil

the river is flowing clear

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

## REDDÍN

This was the vision of a night I spent  
Anchored off Cáttaro, beneath the tent  
Spangled with Adriatic stars ; a night  
Outwardly calm, but rich and rash within,  
Finally wrought to a shapelier discipline  
And symbol of an unsubstantial land  
That once I fashioned, populated, planned,  
All in my heart, but never knew its name  
And never thought to see. By ship I came,  
Threading between the cliffs, a narrow way,  
A passage of the sea, that straitly lay  
Cleaving the land, and led to broadening roads  
Spread at the foot of hills, (as still lagoons  
Sheeted to mirror the returning moons  
Of looping centuries ;) a land-locked bay,  
Where shuttered palaces with rampant hedge  
Of oleander clung upon a ledge  
Above the glassy water, in decay  
Still green and still Venetian ; but my heart  
Was taken by the mountains, high, apart,  
Watching the little business of the coast,  
—Illyrian pirates and Venetian boast  
Yesterday, and the fussing steamers of today,  
One and the same,—the mountains, dim and grave,  
Watching the water roll its land-locked wave  
To lap against the granite of the quay.

That was a gulf, an inlet of the sea,  
Cupped among mountains like a crater's mouth,

[V. SACKVILLE-WEST]

Too high to grant the sun from east or south  
Passage ; upon the waters light was spread  
Only in those brief hours while overhead  
High strode the sun, like an exalted eye  
Looking on men, their business, and their pride.  
But shadow crept across the mountain-side  
Even as noon tolled out on city clock ;  
The light upon the waters dulled and died ;  
Only one peak with one great salient rock  
Still kept the light, and stabbed a purple sky.

All else was dark. The darker islands lay  
Bruising the water by the narrow way ;  
The sulky coast-line coiled its serpent shape  
Down by the water, coloured as a grape ;  
The lavender flanks rose up, with scrub and stone,  
Up, till the peak of Lovcen soared alone  
Out-topping others, in the ring of peaks  
Above the harbour and the little creeks ;  
Lovcen, that tragic height, with jutting cliff  
Threatening the harbour and the fishing-skiff  
With ruin, if the boulder like a wild  
Force to captivity unreconciled,  
Should break its bonds, and on the sleeping town  
One night in havoc thunder hurtling down.

On such a rock Prometheus hung in chains,  
Lit by the lightning, streaming with the rains  
That coursing down his chest and hollow side  
Made bronze of the naked Titan crucified,  
Bronze, gleaming in the night by flashes riven,

A tortured image, hung 'twixt earth and heaven,  
 Rather than man ; on the Caucasian rock  
 In lifted solitude, where vultures mock,  
 And circling in the air with raucous cry  
 Scream at the sacrifice that may not die.  
 So hung Prometheus, he that dared aspire  
 To snatch for mortals the celestial fire,  
 Bolder than Eve ; first of the fellowship  
 Raiding for knowledge, whom the eagles rip,  
 Eagles of Jove, or eagles of the soul.

But there aloft hung no tormented form.  
 Mountain and rock rose lonely to the storm,  
 Untenanted. I dreamt, upon the deck,  
 Of winter midnights, when the tempest's wreck  
 Should tear the sky to rifts of silver light  
 And chasing clouds, in turmoil of the night ;  
 The moon unveiled by wind, and scurrying star  
 Sharp as the blade's edge of a scimitar  
 Cleaving a curtain ; nights I had not seen,  
 For now the evening sky stretched deep, serene,  
 There behind Lovcen, as a cloth of blue,  
 Deep, virgin blue ; yet nights I never knew,  
 Wild, dangerous nights, were all my spirit held,  
 (As to the desperate temper force-compelled) ;  
 The tortured Titan and the loosened gale  
 Were to my spirit more a spur than flail,  
 Stirring me deeply to a mood so tense  
 It seemed I doubly lived through every sense,  
 Not troubled, not exalted, but alert,

[V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Keyed to the sombre influence that girt  
That place about, and made of it a den  
Where legends such as frighten ignorant men  
Are born of Nature in barbaric dress,  
Making of man on earth a nothingness,  
A passing, a distraction, an empty noise,  
A traveller pressed for time, a brawling voice  
Breaking against impassive solitudes.  
Nature's revenges are of Nature's moods,  
Stern, ominous, and shut to charity ;  
The harshest law, the utmost penalty  
Is her exaction ; let who know it, speak.  
There, swung between the water and the peak,  
Crushed by the hills, that silent stood like tall  
Savages, I knew fear, but still withal  
Felt strength in me, to take and to control  
That darkly-moving influence, that soul  
Of place, to my own purpose ; more : I felt  
It mine already, as if I had dwelt  
Long years and secretly on that dark coast,  
Learning each shade, each feature ; knowing most  
The peak and its companion rock, my own,  
And all the epic of that lonely throne ;  
And as from deck I gazed aloft, there stirred  
Almost a recognition, (though I heard  
Only the water lapping at the side,  
And on the quay a waft of song that died,)  
A sense that I had seen that place before.

The mountains, and the half-light, and the shore ;  
The water, and the silence, and the calm.



The opening chords of some tremendous psalm  
 Swelled on the air, for my sole secret hearing,  
 Like echoes from some deeper distance nearing,  
 That, hill to hill, dully reverberate.  
 Then grew their harmonies to my tense state  
 Intelligible, in a single hymn  
 Concordant as the shout of seraphim  
 To ears of faith ; till final and complete,  
 Like thunder rolled round Lovcen's cloudy seat,  
 This tale of Reddín and his temple grew.

Whence came that name, Reddín, I never knew.  
 His image long had wandered in my mind  
 Persistent, far removed from human-kind,  
 Yet, in his wisdom, gentle, mild, and sure.  
 A master-builder, in retreat obscure,  
 Dwelling upon the shores of such a sea,  
 (Where are the fishing-boats of Galilee ?)  
 With young disciples, packed in eager brood  
 Jealous to match the concentrated mood  
 That burnt Reddín. I saw him speak and move ;  
 I knew the falsehoods he would disapprove ;  
 I knew his gesture, and his intimate ways  
 As one whom I had followed all my days ;  
 He was as sure to me as native speech,  
 Knowledge inborn, and nothing more to teach ;  
 Each involution, each intricacy  
 Was native knowledge radical in me ;  
 I knew his semblance : he was small and spare ;  
 His twinkling eyes were blue ; his smile was rare ;  
 His flanks were lean, but muscular, and strong ;

[V. SACKVILLE-WEST

He wore a shirt, tight-belted with a thong ;  
Old ? by the superstitious credited  
With years enough to carve a river-bed ;  
His speech was coarse ; he liked good jokes and wine ;  
Would give six Josephs for one libertine ;  
And never spoke the secret in his breast  
Save in the irony of caustic jest,  
But, in such frivolous guise, would drop a word  
That grew and echoed after it was heard,  
Richer in meaning than the heavy saw  
Of men who, ill-advised, approached with awe  
The presence of Reddín, and looked to find  
Portentous sermon, axiom well-defined,  
But met instead a shrewd and liberal wit  
That left no place for prig or hypocrite,  
Yet like the breath of wind across a lake  
Blew the stale doubt away, and vapid ache.

Those who would hear the answer of Reddín,  
—Disturbing, reassuring, wild, serene ?—  
Must seek it, not from him, but from the mute  
Eloquence of his temple, and salute  
Not one old craftsman's perishable frame,  
But in his monument a giant's name.  
The work is ever greater than the man,  
So said Reddín ; he shall conceive and plan,  
Yes, he shall execute and hew and shape,  
But something not his own shall still escape  
Beyond intention and beyond control,  
Synthetic miracle that welds the whole.

Yet may that synthesis be seen alone  
 By him that formed it out of words or stone,  
 A clue thrown out, a cipher-written hint  
 Of what one man with his peculiar squint  
 Caught as the earth upon a slanted axis  
 Rolled in obliquity and parallaxis ;  
 A unity to curious focus slipped ;  
 A personal reading of ambiguous script.  
 So said Reddín, and fooled the crude unwise  
 Who had not looked within his twinkling eyes ;  
 Who had not read the purpose in the jest,  
 And thought that truth unphrased was truth unguessed.

Then in my vision Lovcen's peak, divorced  
 From earthly station, and superbly forced  
 Into my legendary world, obeyed  
 My wishes. Re-created, newly-made,  
 That leonine altitude upon its mane  
 Reared to a mass of masonry, a fane  
 Bright against heaven, complex as a faith,  
 Yet pure and final as the cold of death.  
 This was the temple of Reddín : no creed  
 Inspired its ordinance, no temporal need  
 Of visible threat had poised it on the cliff,  
 But one man's art in one man's hieroglyph,  
 A signature in blocks of stone scrawled high,  
 A declaration signed across the sky.  
 All those might walk, who dared the steep ascent,  
 Dwarfed beneath architrave and pediment,  
 Wondering, (as men wonder at the great

Ruins of temples built for God and State,)
 What piety or blasphemy designed  
 This tabernacle of a master-mind ?  
 Was it in sacrilege or in belief  
 That Reddín raised a cliff upon a cliff ?  
 Was it in mockery or reverence  
 He piled his lapidary eloquence ?  
 Was it in worship or iconoclasm  
 That Reddín hung a temple on a chasm ?

- So strange that place ; no ark of trite religion  
 Offering perch and nest to timid pigeon,  
 Wherein security might croon, and all  
 Danger be hidden, sheltered by a wall ;  
 Responsibility on others cast,  
 And present science smothered by the past.  
 So strange that place ! its airy terraces  
 Compelled each man to new geographies ;  
 Compelled each man to find his way anew  
 Round corners and by paths that no guide knew,  
 Yet wearing all the semblance of a haven  
 Prepared on earth to ape the courts of heaven.  
 Apse, nave, and transept, in familiar range  
 Lulled the suspicious heart, mistrusting change ;  
 Apse, nave, and transept, orthodox design,  
 Rose spacious on that ledge of travertine,  
 As honey-coloured as a Grecian noon,  
 A great cathedral on the peak,—but soon  
 Pilgrim and wanderer alike discerned  
 A difference disquieting, and learned  
 That this great gesture spelt a great disdain :  
 A tabernacle for the free profane.

No vision of the martyr or the saint  
 Shone down from domed mosaic or flat paint,  
 Such as men's eyes for usual comfort sought,  
 And finding nothing turned away distraught ;  
 No priest in chasuble with pearls inwrought  
 Bowed to a Host within a lighted shrine,  
 Or chanted paradox in Latin line ;  
 No mumblings fell, through lattices, on ears  
 That bigger grew, and greedier, with the years ;  
 No voice from lectern or from pulpit brayed  
 With garbled messages and stale tirade ;  
 No tribal wanderings or local sect  
 Were made the pattern of a God's Elect,  
 Their crimes glossed over and their sins ignored,  
 Since they were held the Chosen of the Lord ;  
 No threats of Hell, no bribery of Heaven,  
 To the devout alternately were given ;

But all was silence. All might walk alone,  
 Free to their choice, through transepts sprung of stone,  
 Through silent cloisters and through hollow crypt.  
 His own interpretation of the script  
 Apocryphal each man might read ; or, gaping,  
 Go elsewhere to pursue the truth escaping,  
 Redd'n no prophet who would all compel  
 One road to Heaven and one road to Hell,  
 But one who offered carelessly, and flouted  
 Alike the creed accepted and the doubted.  
 For he who chose to linger there and ask  
 What secret features hid behind the mask,  
 Received no answer from the quiet air,

Only a sign that all were welcome there,  
 Since the great doors stood open, and the breeze  
 Wandered between the colonnades ; the bees  
 Built up their architecture, little brothers ;  
 The nesting doves flew in and out ; and others,  
 The humble donkey and satyric goat,  
 The hunted leveret and the slinking stoat,  
 Took refuge ; padding paw and clicking hoof  
 Strayed in beneath the shelter of the roof,  
 And none were driven forth, but, rather, they  
 Found food prepared : a manger of sweet hay,  
 A pool of grain thrown down, an apple sliced,  
 And by such soft persuasions half enticed  
 They passed the word to the surrounding hills  
 Where nature always threatens, often kills,  
 That here was respite, here a strange return,  
 Necessity's sharp lesson to unlearn ;  
 So men, here-climbing from the world of men,  
 (A kingdom's slave, republic's citizen,)  
 Met fresh and equal, prejudice ashamed,  
 Justice, so-called, contemned, and codes unframed,  
 And thought flew free, a prisoned bird released  
 Out of the hand of censor, judge, and priest.

Then, as I followed weaving up the tale,  
 I heard the angry rumours grow and rail  
 Against this man who dared to write so high  
 A parable the stubborn might deny  
 But all must fear, and no men might ignore.  
 The pilgrims of the world came more and more,  
 Drawn by the licence of this riteless creed

Where neither man nor dogma should impede  
 The loose communion of the soul with God ;  
 Where golden sandals or poor feet unshod  
 Might tread alike upon the marble stair ;  
 Where silence was as welcome as a prayer,  
 And meditation spread her shadows deep  
 Wherein belief might waken, doubt might sleep,  
 With beauty for the only Absolute.

I heard resentful voices persecute  
 Reddín and his intolerable flaunt ;  
 Intolerable, thus in stone to taunt  
 The smug hypocrisy through years evolved  
 By timid dwarfs of men, their fears resolved ;  
 Intolerable, grandly thus to shatter  
 Ingenious maxims to a dusty scatter ;  
 Intolerable, thus to launch a free  
 Sarcastic challenge at safe sophistry !

Thus grew the tide, and heaped a curling threat  
 That soon would topple to its flood, and yet  
 Reddín with quiet smile and lifted hand  
 Reproved the warnings of his little band.  
 "Let be," he said, "though fools and cowards bawl.  
 Who tilts at folly will by folly fall.  
 I am content to go, if go I must,  
 And with the powdered marble mix my dust ;  
 Better," he said, "in such a way to die  
 Than live ignored by man's indifferent eye ;  
 Better to fall with such reverberation  
 That nation looks aghast across to nation ;  
 But if I go, and perish with the stone,"  
 —He held them with his gaze,— "I go alone."

None knew the sources of his prescience.  
 None heard the whisper of that imminence,  
 But with the instinct of a migrant bird  
 The old Reddŷn divined, as he had heard  
 Death calling from afar, and on an eve  
 When nature hushed, suspended in reprieve,  
 He left his friends, he scaled the mountain height ;  
 They saw him dwindle in the failing light,  
 But none dared follow ; as a docile hound  
 That at a word sinks crouching to the ground,  
 They watched him go, (and I upon the deck  
 Gazed upwards till his form became a speck  
 Climbing the zigzag goat-paths of the hill  
 Towards his temple that at sunset still  
 Caught the last lovely light, a golden city  
 Which in its pride transcended trivial pity,  
 And in its glory left me little room  
 To mourn its maker or lament its doom ;)  
 They watched him go, and I too watched him go,  
 —Inventor of the whole imagined show,—  
 Since a fatality had matched the hour  
 Equal with its destruction, and his power.

Silence had fallen over land and sea.  
 The waves scarce kissed the shore of Calvary.  
 Reddŷn climbed upward to his final tryst,  
 Matching in loneliness the path of Christ.  
 No cross of cypress-wood his shoulders bowed ;  
 He went in freedom from a hooting crowd ;  
 But, heavier than any wooden cross,



More deadly than the grappled albatross,  
 He bore the burden of a mind forlorn  
 As that whose symbol was the crown of thorn ;  
 The burden of enlightenment, with scorn  
 Mistrustfully rejected, treacherous gift !  
 Mankind in self-protection slashes swift,  
 And heavier than any cross of wood,  
 Misrepresented and misunderstood,  
 Bearing his wisdom and his failure both,  
 Reddín went upward by his lonely path.

And fanged revenge around the harbour snarled,  
 Against this enemy of a settled world,  
 This preacher contrary to vested codes,  
 This ranger, scornful of the civic roads.  
 Around the harbour, on the sunset's breath,  
 " Reddín ! " crept coupled with the name of death.  
 I knew the inarticulate mob would swarm  
 That night, and cluster for the threatened storm ;  
 I knew the knots of men upon the quays  
 Would gather to a horde like swarming bees ;  
 I knew the snarl would strengthen to a shout ;  
 I knew, before the morning light could gleam,  
 Reddín would lie in ruins with his dream.

I waited ; one by one the stars came out ;  
 Each little window showed its yellow lamp.  
 The shuffling footsteps hardened to a tramp  
 As in the darkness some command was given.  
 Then, high against the black and spangled heaven,  
 A light sprang out, as sudden as a cry,  
 A torch, a beacon blazing in the sky,

[V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A challenge to the dark horizons flung  
Up where Reddŋn's cathedral dimly hung  
Beneath the firmament's inverted cup ;  
And with that light an angry roar went up  
In answer, and a storm of trampling feet  
Burst on the mountain from the city street.

Over the rocks, a rabble thousands strong,  
Singing stupidity's great battle-song,  
They stumbled, bearing torches in their hands,  
Branches of pine, and other flaming brands.

Their progress tokened by a line of fire  
They struggled up towards the waiting pyre  
Whose solitary light burnt steady, clear,  
Denial of surrender or of fear.  
And inch by inch, and foot by foot, unreined  
By driving passion, ardently they gained  
The platform where the first great terrace spread,  
And paused to see the towering overhead  
Of spire and buttress massed against the stars,  
—Red Betelgeuse, blue Rigel, ruddy Mars,—  
Then with the hate that does as love exalt,  
Flung themselves forward to a last assault.

The mountain-peak with thorns of flame was crowned,  
Briars that ran and leapt along the ground,  
Kindling to spears and circles of fresh fire  
That ringed the cupola and reached the spire.  
The sound of blows fell heavy on the night  
Dæmonic as the spurts of scarlet light ;

And shapes of men with lifted weapons ran,  
In semblance more like demon than like man,  
Flitting as dark as goblins round the blaze  
In savage resolution to erase -  
The dangerous autograph Reddín had signed  
In letters unfamiliar to mankind ;  
All should go down in havoc, flames, and smoke ;  
No trace should stand of that audacious stroke  
Scored against humbug, cant, and cowardice ;  
Sunrise should leave no stone on stone of this  
Preposterous acropolis !

Prophet and martyr, where is your defence ?  
You dared the world with loathed intelligence.  
Did you not know that none may hope for ruth  
Who show the world the Gorgon head of truth ?  
Proud fool of wisdom, could you never learn  
By compromise men's confidence to earn ?  
Could you not learn to wheedle and cajole  
Into security man's frightened soul ?

I trembled ; and the ship beneath me stirred.  
Was it a whispered portent that I heard,  
Shivering round the outline of the coast,  
Ruffling the water, sprung from innermost  
Mysterious Earth, where fiery dangers seethe  
And in reminder through volcanoes wreath ?  
Was it a wrinkling of the dragon's skin  
Aroused by rage without to rage within ?  
An answer snarled by an enormous beast

To puny passions on her flanks released,  
Where little men in anger hopped and howled ?  
Earth in her slumber turned, and surly growled,  
And the first rumbling of the earthquake passed  
Rocking the vessel through from keel to mast,  
Slanting the stars in brief, appalling tilt,  
A warning, and a censure on men's guilt,  
A sign that Earth, awaking in the void,  
Might hurl the destroyers after the destroyed.

Still, though the veil of heaven might be rent  
And stars be tilted in the firmament,  
And Earth lie over with unnatural list,  
Still came no cooling cry, " Desist ! desist ! "  
Hot with their fury the attackers sprang  
And on the marble blocks the mattocks rang,  
Nobility by envious iron defaced,  
Philosophy by common minds abased.  
The fine, the rare, the lovely, all went down  
In fire and tumult on the mountain's crown,  
Burning its great tiara to the stars,  
And once again Earth shivered through the spars,  
And on the peak the incandescent pile  
Rocked in its ruined walls from spire to aisle,  
Falling, and crushing in repeated fall  
The blackened vandals clustered on the wall.  
No need for mattock now, no need for brand ;  
By swirling winds the pointed flames were fanned,  
And streamed like pennants all about the fane,  
Blown to a furnace by the hurricane,  
And toppling tower and belfry in collapse

Sank through the opened roofs of nave and apse,  
Heaping their wreckage on the paving stones,  
With cries of men and breaking of men's bones,  
And molten lead like lava in slow flood  
Stained its grey river with red coils of blood.

Tense through the night I stared with sleepless eye  
While this fulfilment of my dream went by,  
But had some mortal told me that I dreamed,  
I should have answered that he but blasphemed.  
For what's my dream ? since I myself may be  
Some vaporous figment in infinity,  
A thought within another mind conceived,  
And in my thinking doubly thus deceived ?  
What's truth or lies, if it be truth to me ?

I heard the marble rend, I heard the crack  
Of toppling walls upon the earthquake's track ;  
I heard the loosened boulder hurtle down  
To crush the stupid evil of the town ;  
I heard revenge in just and natural path  
Sweep up the crime as folly's aftermath ;  
I knew the body of Reddín was lost  
In general carnage with the storming host.

FREDEGOND SHOVE

MUSIC AT NIGHT IN CHARTRES  
CATHEDRAL

A soul is weeping at the starry gate  
Up in the spindrift of the precious light  
Of Milky-Way. She weepeth for our fate  
Who sit below in trembling, anxious night,  
She pleadeth to the Holiest, veiled from sight,  
Pleadeth with God's dear Mother and the Saints ;  
Into the heart of Jesus pierces sweet  
Her wailing ; and her circled sad complaints  
Wreath the ascending bodies near the throne  
Of Holy Threefold, Father, Son and Spirit :  
She carrieth with her every human groan  
And all the centuries our souls inherit  
Of grief, and all our piteous human merit  
She carrieth in her voice, and weeps alone.

We, sitting in the dark Cathedral chill,  
Behold the wine, the flame, the jewels high  
Of windows with their crystal glories still  
Deepened by passion of a sunset sky :  
We hear her cry,  
And with the picture of God's Mother thrill ;  
Also we feel our Saviour to be nigh ;  
In dim communion rapt and tender heat  
We see that heart, the soul of the sweet voice ;  
She breatheth and we see the heavenly seat ;  
She crieth and we in her love rejoice ;  
She poureth all her self into that breast ;

[FREDEGOND SHOVE

She holdeth us ; our sins and all our tears  
Are wiped away ; we come into our rest ;  
We stretch, we rise, we grow into the spheres ;  
The candles come and tremble like the ears  
Of wheat in a large field ; the fires above  
Expire and melt into eternal dark ;  
The soul comes shaking down from God above,  
Drops closed on to her refuge like the lark  
Among the golden stalks ; and still we dream  
About the song by which our souls aflame  
Were carried up, at least so it did seem,  
Into that land that hath not any name.



CIRCLET

Twilight falls like rain, like tears,  
To wash the bitter dust away,  
A small still crescent moon appears  
Above the wreckage of the day ;  
The first spring month is in her ark,  
So silver-burning she  
Curtseys and vanishes when dark  
Clouds journey from the sea ;  
She came too soon, her frailty bears  
Of joy the penalty.

A COPSE IN NOVEMBER

The red-breast makes a golden shadow  
In the brown and berried copse,  
The dew lies cold upon the meadow,  
Across the path a rabbit hops,  
And in the high Arcadian bowers,  
Whose leaves are gone, a blackbird sings ;  
His voice forever downward showers  
The memories of lovely things.

Unearthly in the earthy sweetness  
Of dim November, his wild singing  
Reminds the listener of joy's fleetness,  
And youth's eternal, restless winging,  
Pain and decay with Beauty bound,  
Hope in the grave and Love at last  
Naked in the chill river found,  
With Mercy clinging to him fast.

PALE QUEENS

Like queens that bless the garnered heap,  
Their sceptres topped with scarlet sprays  
And crowns of spangled robin-song,  
And fretted gold  
Of sorrows told  
In shortest, sweetest, sudden cheep  
By far-off singers in the dell  
Where only airs and echoes dwell,  
Come the last days of white September  
When all is joy in mist and slumber.

The early cold with sheathes of fire,  
With blazing dewes for each thing green,  
A chaplet for the burnt sweet-briar,  
An amethyst  
Or roseate mist  
To wet the lawn, a glassy screen  
Of drops for the rich virgin head  
Of each geranium in his bed,—  
These are the queenly gifts all gold  
We keep against the coming cold.

THE HOUSE OF LIGHTS

The doors of Heaven stand ajar ;  
Each portal opens on a star :  
And as into that house I gaze  
I see the palace all ablaze  
With fiery torches, living, bright,  
With glory quenchless, ageless, white ;  
Transfixed at Heaven's flames I stand  
And quite forget that twilit land,  
That lonely beach, that stormy sea,  
Those dark discernments which are me,  
For, oh, my Father's house doth shine  
With streams of beauty crystalline !

J. C. SQUIRE

SONG FOR SCHUMANN

Far bells of midnight faded,  
Soft lamplight filled the room,  
And closing in around me  
I felt the clouds of doom.

'Twas not the mist of copper hair  
Lit by the steady fire,  
The silk that made your slender form  
A shimmer of desire :

O no, nor your enchanted face  
So distant and so pale,  
Nor music of your siren voice  
Reading the tragic tale :

But as your accents trembled  
And died upon a line,  
I looked away, and knew I'd found  
A heart as fierce as mine.

CHANGE

Why should she be so changeable, what sin  
Have I committed that she frowns on me  
Who am innocent of change? how should begin  
Ever again the old felicity?  
Ah, laughing, loving eyes through pouring hair  
That long ago incredibly were mine!  
And yet (take comfort, heart) how dull it were  
Were all our lives one long perpetual shine.

O think of nature and her alternations!  
Even to-day in that despairing dawn  
The rain and wind with mingled lamentations  
Beat down the flowers upon the ruined lawn;  
And then, at noon, the sun came out again,  
And all earth's hues were richer for the rain.

R. C. TREVELYAN



EPISTLE TO E.M.

“Gold is a child of Zeus,” so Pindar sang. “Neither  
may worm  
Nor rust devour it ; and with power invincible it subdues  
The lives of mortals.” But no less of parentage divine  
Is bronze : Hephaestus was its sire, who gave it beauty  
and strength  
To charm less dangerously than gold the eyes and souls  
of men.  
Since by your art you have moulded and cast in death-  
less bronze  
My perishing features, and have spent your whole skill  
on the work,  
Were it not then a just return that by my art I too  
Should strive in verse to fashion forth the image of your  
mind ?  
But alas, how cunningly soever I choose my coloured  
threads  
Of word and phrase, and weave them, variously en-  
twined,  
Into the web and fabric of my verse, it were as vain  
As though, fitting small cubes of glass together, one  
should seek  
To picture in mosaic some feather from the breast  
Of swan or heron, with all its tender tapering symme-  
tries  
Of line and curve, its subtleties of colour light and  
shade.  
For surely of all delicate things none is so hard to know  
Or represent, none other more elusively defies

[R. C. TREVELYAN

The uncouth portraiture of words, than does the human mind.

"For a man's thought," said the ancient judge, "is a thing not triable.

"Even the Devil knoweth not the thought of man"—still less

Of woman ! How then of your mind should he or I have knowledge ?

For though in the infancy of time the Serpent once surmised

Poor trustful inexperienced Eve's frail nature, to her cost,  
Yet since then have her daughters learnt caution and secrecy,

And hide with baffling vigilance their thoughts from fiend or man.

Four Indian thieves, an old tale tells, through a black moonless night

Groping about a rich man's yard upon their felon's trade,

Came on a tethered elephant that stood there slumbering.  
The first around two mighty legs with spread hands gently searched,

Then whispered to his fellows, "'tis a pillared portico."  
The second, touching the smooth pendulous trunk, snatched back his hand

And cowered in terror, deeming it a serpent. But the third

Reaching above his head laid hold on the thin ropy tail.

To him it seemed a cord left dangling from some curtained window.

The fourth explored the curving flank and belly of the beast,

And knew not what to think—some limb perchance of a great tree.

From the still-slumbering elephant those wary thieves withdrew,

And parleyed earnestly together in whispering debate

What that strange thing might be—portico, serpent, rope or bough ;

Till soon dispute engenders warmth : all prudence is forgot :

Fierce whispered words grow vocal.—“ It was a bough.”

“ No, fool ;

It was two upright pillars.” “ I tell you, it was a snake :

I heard it hiss.” “ No, it’s a rope to hang such liars as you.”

At length, roused by their wrangling from his dreams, the beast awoke,

And lifting up his trunk, suddenly sent forth on the night

A terrible trumpeting ; whereat dismayed the four thieves fled.

How like is feminine nature to that tethered elephant—

One form of many aspects, one mystery many-named !

Not four, but forty thousand are the searchers in the dark,

Philosophers and novelists, libertines, psychologists,

[R. C. TREVELYAN

Each with his private doctrine, his theory infallible  
Of womankind—a serpent, a shady colonnade,  
A Sphinx without a secret, a halter for the neck,  
A leafy bough whereon love's Philomela nests and sings,  
An Amazon, a Sybil, a Vestal or a whore,  
A Muse, a mother of conscripts, a plaything or a star.  
*Quot homines, tot sententiae.* And now not only men,  
Women too daily hatch whole broods of feminine theories  
    forth,  
To peck and cackle tyrannous male dogmatism down ;  
Till what to think I know not, I who of women and  
    their ways,  
When I was young, cared little and knew less ; but now  
    perchance  
With years I grow more wise, and fain would under-  
    stand what once  
In youthful ignorance I deemed scarce worth the pains  
    to learn.

This quality hath friendship, that its truth-divining eyes  
May best discern the character and fabric of the soul,  
With all her native faculties, humours, desires and  
    dreams,  
Sensitive apprehensions, and the intimate response  
To beauty, that alone gives worth to the swift flux of  
    our days.  
What then of woman's nature by such friendship have  
    I learned ?  
No profound mysteries perchance, save that where  
    others find

Difference inveterate in thought and feeling between  
man

And woman, I have rather found likeness and unity.

For methinks Eve, when that first night she listened  
with her spouse

Mid some dark copse of Eden to the nightingale, was  
moved

By delight no less deep than he ; and a like wonder stirred  
Their hearts, when, roused from slumber by the charm  
of earliest birds,

They watched the twilight through the sky spread softly  
and give back

Colour and form to things, mountain and cloud, flower  
and tree.

Nor by such nobler raptures of sense and spirit alone  
Were their minds truly married : like pleasures and  
distastes,

Like animal appetites were theirs ; else had the mortal  
relish

Of that forbidden fruit, whose savour tempted Eve,  
perchance

Seduced not Adam's palate, nor had Paradise been  
lost.

But lost it was ; and with it for their children too thence-  
forth

Lost was that primitive simpleness and innocence. But  
with sin

There entered knowledge both of good and evil, and all  
the arts,

Graces and pomps of life, the tragic and the social Muse,  
Promethean ardours and desires, wisdoms and heroisms.

[R. C. TREVELLYAN

Doubtless in this bewildered world of folly and nobleness,

So dangerous and irrational, so passionate and so blind,  
Where tyrannous custom domineers, where brutish  
wealth and greed

Tread ever the soul's freedom down, weak womankind  
has fallen

From servitude to servitude, and helot-like has learned  
The ignoble arts and vices of the pampered and oppressed.

Ignorant helpless bondslaves of the hearth and burdening womb,

But little in their curtained prison-bowers have they  
known

Of selfless contemplation and the spirit's free disport.

But that long night is over ; hope is dawning ; and with  
eyes

Still dazzled by the unwonted light they look round and  
behold

Goblins and spectres of the darkness vanishing, and at  
last,

Grown conscious of their strength, begin to possess their  
own souls.

In this impermanent world, where all best things,  
childhood and youth,

Pleasure and strength and skill, desire, hope and  
memory

Grow dim and perish like a rainbow fading from a  
cloud,

[R. C. TREVELYAN

What happier fate can befall man or woman than to  
have won

Mastery in some art whereby the spirit's hoarded wealth,  
Rare modes of thought, and loveliness imagined, seen  
or felt

May be expressed and harmonized in forms that shall  
endure ?

Few are there in this turbulent age to such good fortune  
born ;

And than yourself among those few none is more  
enviable.

W. J. TURNER



ABSALOM UNBORN !

Societies make individuals all  
Seem interchangeable like ants and bees ;  
But flowers and trees, unlike, are large or small,  
Their shape and hue and nature so variable  
That winds, rain, mud, rock, sand, mountains, seas  
Do raise these phantom faces of themselves  
To sunlight.

With these  
Shall we compare ourselves, the race of man  
Alike as bladed grass that from the earth  
Everywhere springs ?  
It is not circumstance of wind and rain  
Stone, water, earth or sun that lifts our heads.  
Man varies little, black brown yellow white,  
By sea or mountain, heat or cold. Not he  
Reflects their marriage with the sunlight only.

His body  
Has eyes as these have not got eyes to see  
And 'tis his eyes that differ. What he sees  
Is what he is, and what he is, who knows ?  
What far-off light that like the sunlight glows  
From violet pansy rose magnolia lily  
Its lifted face by sea or mountain lake  
Reflected, is the face of man or woman ?

[W. J. TURNER

Perhaps the violet and the lily  
Are not the souls of circumstance, the mere  
Absalom-sunlight caught in moss or sand  
(Themselves the shattered tangled rays of light) :  
Perhaps the cosmic rays  
Are the striped tigers wandering through the jungle,  
The sitting toad, the bright and murdering orchid  
Whose jaws entrap the glittering insect eyes  
With snowy throat and scarlet-spotted joy.

But in our eyes are all the lusts of light  
On earth and sea or in the starry skies.  
The bright red slash  
Upon the tiger's victim and his shriek  
Take place in me, 'tis not mere eyes that see.  
Eyes ! What are eyes ? What were the eyes of Giotto  
Whose virgins passion-pale with lily cheek  
Haunt the imagination like a stream  
In a dark wood that 's dumb and hears no singing !

And there are voices everywhere. Do trees  
Bushes and flowers hear them ? No, they see  
Nor hear at all ; 'tis we, 'tis only we !  
But yet the hushed wood waits and is aware  
Of sound and light and something more that 's there  
That throbs within each leaf and cell of life  
And spreads its shadow-frond of maiden-hair  
Upon its darker stone.

And such a shadow hear I in a voice,  
An alto-shade.

What light of moon or sun it may betoken  
I know not but it is a cunning lure  
Like the sun-spotted orchid, like a dream  
Invisible but tangible, fawn-strayed  
Within a spotted glade, tangled like the tiger—  
My soul—that leaps upon it.

Blood blends with blood, shadow and substance are  
What 's left when pure  
Light leaps lasciviously from form to form  
Leaving its footprints like a stranger Friday  
Whose sand rock trees, yea every surfing island  
And sounding seas are but the print—of whom?  
With man alone, a veritable Crusoe.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

TALIESSIN'S SONG OF  
LANCELOT'S MASS

He was not sworn of the priesthood  
nor clad as a tonsured clerk,  
when I came to him in the morning  
as the light shone through the dark.

I came in the early twilight  
over the dew-wet grass,  
and kneeled by a lonely altar  
to hear Sir Lancelot's mass.

He stood in his royal armour,  
and the surcoat over him  
with the lions of Benwick rampant  
and the leopards of Britain grim.

But he wore before the altar  
nor helm nor shield nor sword,  
and his hands were bare of gauntlets  
for the body of our Lord.

About the ancient altar  
I heard a deep song pass,  
as the dead lords of the Table  
drew up to Lancelot's mass ;

the greater knights and lesser,  
peers of our chivalry,  
Sir Giroflet le fils de Dieu,  
Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardi ;

Gareth, Gaheris, Dinadan,  
Lamorack and Gawaine—  
all that had been in anger  
being reconciled again ;

the queens Morgause and Iseult,  
Palomides the Saracen,  
Bedivere, Lucan, and the kings  
grew in their glory then :

till at the opening Canon,  
lo, the King's self had come  
to serve Sir Lancelot's altar  
in the heart of Christendom.

Before the stone of vigil  
went Lancelot and the King :  
O fairly, fairly, joined they there  
to serve the sacred thing.

O glorious stood the champions  
in the light that came to pass,  
but glorious, glorious, was the King  
serving Sir Lancelot's mass.

And there about the altar,  
as the day began to break,  
I saw King Pelleas and Helayne  
and Nimuë of the Lake ;

the unseen knight of terror  
stood there for a close friend,  
invisible things and visible  
attending for the end.

But never Lancelot lingered  
for the wonder come to pass,  
till he kneeled at the most high mystery  
in the sacring of the mass.

And there upon the altar,  
as the day went through the sky,  
beyond the march of the Terre Foreigne  
I heard a new voice cry.

In the air above the altar,  
all crimson through with fire,  
I saw the high prince standing,  
the achievement of desire.

The dawn came up before him,  
the night was dark behind ;  
at the sacring of the mystery  
the Table grew entwined :

ladies and kings and poets,  
bishops and knights and squires,  
about the feet of Galahad  
went up the mingling fires ;

went the mingling adorations  
where the Infant stood on high,  
all in a ruddy pillar  
between the earth and sky.

I stood above the altar  
in the house of Galahad ;  
there is no music capable  
of the great joy I had.

There is no song to utter  
the song that went through me,  
being prisoned in the glory  
yet in the glory free.

Also I knew I was great joy  
to a wonder unexpressed,  
till I heard the voice of Lancelot  
cry : *Ite : missa est.*

Wherefore I ride now swiftly,  
far from the songs and tales,  
to a wattled hut of silence  
deep in the hills of Wales.

I see from the climbing pathway  
the Severn's flood below,  
and make, to ease my habit,  
one last song ere I go ;



[CHARLES WILLIAMS

that if by Thames and Severn  
new cities come to be  
they shall hear a far sweet echo  
of the great king's chivalry.

PERCIVALE'S SONG

Wise is the heart—O wise !—  
    which wholly learns to give,  
losing all lust of heart and eyes ;  
    loftily shall it live  
Love and Love's elect to please :  
this is the first of courtesies.

Wiser is he—O wise !—  
    who comes in turn to take  
from the beloved, nor denies,  
    for the beloved's sake.  
Love and Love's elect is he :  
this is the second courtesy.

Many there are that go  
    anxiously proffering love ;  
few, but few, are they that know  
    what is the end thereof ;  
or to be fashioned in their turn  
sweetly to take love can discern.

Many a noble chance  
    loosed from a noble heart  
sees but an eye and thought askance  
    and from its hope must part :  
princely thoughts that meet no skill  
lie in lassitude of goodwill.

Sweet let it be to give  
all that the heart desires ;  
but wiser than this then shall he live  
who even his heart requires  
neither to serve nor toil but be  
sworn of the second courtesy.

Thereafter comes the day  
when these things shall be done,  
and all of knowledge, either way,  
rightly at last forgone.  
Love's elect in him shall see  
the third and greatest courtesy.

Giving and taking then  
shall be themselves no more,  
nor be so much as named agen  
which were so much before.  
Love and Love's elect shall be  
one in the greatest courtesy.

Courteous it is to give ;  
high courtesy, to take ;  
but nobly, nobly, shall he live  
whom Love at last shall make  
of his own revelation free.  
Love and only Love is he.

HUMBERT WOLFE

## THE FOUNTAIN

Keep out the birds ! By these cold springs  
only water blossoms and sings :  
water-music that rises slowly  
has neither joy nor melancholy,  
cares not, frets not, has no part  
in the hot action of the heart.  
Older its source is than the note  
that swells the anxious feathered throat,  
purer and more absolute  
than the first reed of the first flute.  
It nothing cares, it nothing knows  
of nest or silent mate, like those,  
nor like the lips behind the reed  
of other lips or ear has need.  
If there were God (as God may be)  
He, like the water, would be free  
of all restraint, of every rule  
save to rise selfless, and run cool.  
Thus between trees, as green, as still,  
His untouched essence would freshly rill  
in radiant splash, and bright descent  
as beautifully indolent,  
as perfectly in rise and fall  
as water is impersonal,  
draping the Naiad on mossy shelf  
with graces colder than herself.  
Keep out the birds ! Their song is charged  
with music not by silence purged,  
nor beyond passion nor the taint

of half-articulate complaint.  
Let them not mitigate the crystal  
veils of this more than Roman Vestal,  
nor in the scarce diminished hush  
with their warm voice let linnet, or thrush,  
or even the nightingale undo  
passion and peace at rendez-vous.  
Here thought released of earthly doubt  
may blow life's smoky candle out,  
and in a clarity between  
the moon of water on branches green  
ponder the cold reflected wraith  
of truth restating its own faith,  
tracing its shadow, nerve by nerve,  
in rising line and falling curve.  
Stripped of all magics—love and verse,  
or what in prayer the spirit stirs—  
the fountain plays, its rhythm less  
an attribute of loveliness  
than the cold shape when vision draws  
its own effect by its own cause.  
Play on, bright fount ! Array the turf  
with the cold laces of your scarf,  
rising again to gather up  
the starlight in your flawless cup,  
not image, nor similitude  
but a cool spring in a green wood,  
alone of all that mind has sought,  
the pattern of consummate thought.

STREET SCENE

Here moves continual man  
through the street's abrupt fantasies—  
slowly, unconscious of plan,  
beaten to his knees,

indistinct as a question-mark  
traced by a demon hand  
at the turn of the tide, in the dark,  
on a threatened sand.

His hands are tentacles  
reaching before and behind—  
he can almost hear the cells  
building up his mind.

He has the shape of a cloud,  
of a fish, of a beast,  
he is an awestruck crowd  
hearing a mad priest.

All these that pass—their creed,  
their sight, their scent, their sounds—  
are the hare in him, or, at need,  
the eager hounds.

His soft step is under their feet,  
his shadow behind their eyes—  
he is the foe they must meet,  
or the friend that flies.

[HUMBERT WOLFE

Who can shackle the drifting smoke  
in steel round the wrist ?

Who can furrow the branchéd oak  
with a reed in the mist ?

That can he—this groping shade—  
that can he—this ghost, this breath.  
That can he—since he has made  
life out of death.



THE CORINTHIAN GARLANDS

It is unimportant, Anthony, that my breast is stone.  
The Corinthian garlands do not wither like the bay.  
If I had been flesh and blood I should not have known  
how the ivy clings and bites nearer day by day.

There is a statue Pheidias broke with his maul :  
oh the breast of stone, oh the inviolate breast !  
Is it unimportant, Anthony, after all  
of the women you loved to have been the quietest ?

At the end of the garden, at the shadow's end  
they will dig the grave for you, and break your zither.  
Sleep with your music, Anthony, sleep softly, friend !  
For only the Corinthian garlands do not wither.